

*Drama*

*C. H. W.*

THE

# City-Ramble:

*841.c.9  
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OR, A

PLAY-HOUSE WEDDING.

A

# COMEDY.

*By E. Settle*

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

Her MAJESTY'S Company of COMEDIANS.

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*Interdum tamen & Vocem Comædia tollit. Hor.*

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L O N D O N :

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*24-*



To the Right Honourable

**HENRY Baron of COLERANE.**

My LORD,

**A**S Gratitude is one of the greatest Duties of Mankind, possibly none make so cheap Payments of it, as the Brotherhood of the Quill; as being generally incapable of any other Return even for the highest Favours and Honours received, than that of empty Thanks, no more than a Tributary Acknowledgment. Nay, and in that very Acknowledgment they only grow so much the deeper Debtors to the Noble Patrons to whom they make it; *viz.* by taking the Liberty of publishing to the World, where 'tis they owe their Obligations; and consequently of recording their own Glory from that condescending Greatness and Goodness that so warmly smiles upon them.

'Tis thus with the most grateful Sense of the long generous Patronage I have received, the many High Favours heap'd upon me under Your Lordship's Roof, I now presume to enter those Hospitable Walls to pay Your Lordship this small Oblation most humbly laid at your Feet. And here when I look up to your Lordship as the Immediate Successor to the late Lord COLERANE of ever fragrant Memory, Your Lordship's Grandfather; it opens into so fair and so wide a Field, in my full Prospect of the Glories Your Lordship derives from so shining an Original, that 'tis enough to say, and that with the whole Attestation of the World on my side, that there has never

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been

## The DEDICATION.

been wanting all the Acquired or Innate Perfections through the whole Line of the *COLERANES* to complete the *WORTHY*, the *PATRIOT*, and the *CHRISTIAN*. Your Lordship's Predecessor, and his Great Father, laid their Noblest Foundation of Honour in that Memorable *LOYALTY*, as to see their whole Fortunes sacrificed to the too hideous Outrages and Ravages of the then reigning Rebellion and Anarchy. 'Tis from such Shades, like the Foil to the Diamond, that Honour takes its brightest Lustre.

Of these suffering Royalists Your Grandfather, tho' advanced to a Masterhip in Letters and Sciences, yet not content with what the *British* Treasury of Learning cou'd furnish him, for his yet brighter Enrichment, made a Four Years Tour of *Europe*, even beyond the Gates of *Rome*; and that too, not only to gather the Additional Accomplishments from so many visited Countries abroad, but with one fairer Glory still, to fly the too crying Shame of his Own. After his happy Return under the Serene Smiles of the Royal Restoration, by a Double Title to the Favour of Providence, not only as the Just Reward of his Loyal Sufferings, but likewise of that Exemplary Conduct of Life as undoubtedly drew down no common Blessings, he repair'd the whole Breaches of his Fortunes, and gather'd up all his Shipwrecks.

And here, my Lord, amidst all this Beautiful Scene, even the Dramatick-Present I now make You, leads me to this Grateful Speculation, Had all that studied *VER-TUE* that has always shined in Your Lordship's Honourable Family, made as fair a Light under every *British* Roof of Honour, the Publick Stage had never wanted Monitors or Satyrists for its Reformation. The Poets themselves, nay the very loosest of them, must have refined their Dramas,

ev'n

## *The* DEDICATION.

in their own Defence, for an Auditory of *COLEMANES*; or otherwise have had but a very thin Range to grace their Boxes at their Performances. Nay, had the poetick Fraternity through their whole Survey of Honour and Quality amongst us, had none but such Patrons in View before them, such Readers to please, and such Characters to copy from, the Age would have found us neither Libertine Authors, nor Libertine Subjects for them. The whole Mass of Poetry would have been so brighten'd, that no licentious Pens had brought those Monstrous Births into Light, nor now shame the World: Nor had the Press it self lain under the Necessity of Precepts or Regulations, either from the Throne, the Senate, or the Pulpit it self for its Correction.

And now, my Lord, as Your Lordship has received all the brightest Ornaments both of Extraction and Education from His Paternal Care, as seem'd resolv'd even to transmit Himself to Posterity, in the raising His Succeeding Branch up to his own Heights both of Literature and Vertue; to what a spreading Growth may the World expect to see Your Lordship's Blooming Honour ripen from such a Parentage, and such Pupillage: And consequently with what Veneration I ought to approach Your Lordship, with this humble Presentation address'd to Your Acceptance from

MY LORD,

*Your Lordship's*

*Most Dutiful, and most*

*Devoted Servant,*

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TO THE  
READER.

**O**F all Oppressions those from Prejudice and Prepossession are the severest. Let Merit and Reason in this Case be never so strong on the suffering Side, however neither Plaint nor Plea shall be ever permitted to speak in their Behalf, as falling into those merciless Hands where they are certain of lying under irrevocable Condemnation and that too of all Sentences the hardest, untried and unheard. This Hardship has been my Portion, when falling under a late Coldness from the Town, at least in their Admission of me to the Stage (for what Disobligement I know not) it discouraged even the Theatres from continuing their former Favours towards me. And truly not wholly to deserve so un hospitable a Treatment, I have sometimes thought (and hope without Vanity or Self-flattery) that my Dramatick Labours are not so utterly meritless (as this present Essay has testified) but that they might claim Acceptance; at least in the present Dearth of Authors where the most Eminent and Worthier Sons of the Muses have been advanced to those Publick Preferments, as to raise them a Degree above stooping to so humble a Trifle, as the Pen-work of a Play.

As to this Performance, which now submits its self to the Reader's Candid Judgment, I must first acknowledge that I set Pen to Paper upon the Recommendation my good Friend Mr. Booth had given me of Two of the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, viz. The Knight of the Burning Pestle, and The Coxcomb; from whence he thought I might borrow some small Foundation, and perhaps some little Fabrick-work towards a Comedy. I took the Hint accordingly; and though from the of The Burning Pestle I have made use of no more than the two first Speeches

## TO the READER.

*Speeches in the Play, and wholly changed the Characters. I have sprinkled something a larger part of the Coxcomb through it, chiefly in the Scenes between Rinaldo, Viola, and Valerio. However, not to rob the Dead, ev'n of the least borrow'd Plume those celebrated Authors have furnish'd me, without a particular Acknowledgment of what and where I stand indebted to them: I have set this [ " ] Characteristick before every Line of the Original, for the more curious Reader's Satisfaction.*

*And now to give a short Narrative of this Play's untimely start into the World, (for such I may justly call it.) Having now by me some finish'd Pieces that have lain long dead upon my Hands, through my Exclusion from the Stage: I resolv'd to write this with that Silence and Secrecy, as to be able to surmount all Opposition, by bringing it into Light by an adopted Father's Hand. But so it hapned, that the Secret took Air, insomuch that hopeless of stemming the common Torrent against me, I was reduced to the Necessity of bringing it in in the long Vacation, and consequently with a very narrow Expectation of Profit from the Product of so barren a Season. And as the then Emptiness of the Town cou'd give it but a few, though those all friendly Auditors, I sit down contented with the general Reception it has met, whatever slenderer Feast it has otherwise made me.*

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Actors

# Actors Names.

## M E N.

*Don Garcia*, a rich Merchant, and City Magistrate, Mr. Bullock, sen.  
 The Chevalier *Don Garcia*, his Nephew, a young Gentleman under Guardianship to his Uncle, } Mr. Bullock, jun.  
 bred up a Scholar at Rome,  
 A rich witlefs Count, design'd for *Lucia's* Husband, Mr. Norris.  
*Rinaldo*, a worthy Gentleman in love with *Viola*, Mr. Booth.  
*Carlo*, his younger Brother, bred up a Merchant, and Factor to *Don Garcia*, in love with } Mr. Mills.  
*Lucia*,  
*Valerio*, a Country Gentleman, Mr. Elrington.  
*Antonio* and } Two Friends to *Rinaldo* and } Mr. Pack.  
*Silvio*, } *Carlo*, } Mr. Burkhead.  
 A Citizen and Common-Council-Man, a Spectator of the Play, } Mr. Johnson.  
 A young Gentleman in love with *Jenny* the Common-Council-Man's Daughter, and acting } Mr. Ryan.  
 a part in the Play under the Name of *Damon*,  
 A Boy, drest up in Girls Cloaths, for a Mifs for the Count. }

## W O M E N.

*Viola*, a young Lady contracted to *Rinaldo*, Mrs. Bradshaw.  
*Lucia*, an Orphan, Niece to *Don Garcia*, but adopted his Daughter and Heirefs, &c. in love } Mrs. Rogers.  
 with *Carlo*,  
*Jenny*, the Common-Council-Man's Daughter, first one of the Spectators, and afterwards acting a } Miss Sherburne.  
 Part in the Play, under the Name of *Phyllis*,  
 The Common-Council-Man's Wife, her Mother, Mrs. Knight.  
 An old Woman. Mrs. Willis.  
 A Ruffian and his Trull, Watchmen, Drawers, Country Girls, vants, Messengers, &c.

*The Scene* VERONA in Italy.

THE  
PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Person representing an Alderman in a Gold  
Chain, &c.

THIS is a City-Play, and I have thought fit  
To appear Right Worshipful in Garb of Cit.  
Let me look round ——— unless my Eye-sight fails  
I see some flutt'ring Sparks that tell strange Tales  
Of wond'rous Feats perform'd by their sweet Faces  
To catch our City Yoke-mates Smiles and Graces.  
A way of Talking when you Beaus grow pert,  
Much more your Vanity than our Desert.  
With our fair Spouses Names you're free for Toasters;  
But give us leave to play the true proud Boasters.  
What Glory think you must our Fame record,  
To bear a Grocer call a Grandson Lord!  
Or what's more strange to see Triumphant Beauty  
With Coronet, Coach and Six, in Filial Duty,  
Squeeze through a Croud of City-Cars, and all  
To ask a Daddy Blessing at Guildhall.  
This we can boast, nor are you Dons so squeamish  
To think this Condescension any Blemish.  
No, with our Golden Girls you'll make hard shift,  
Our Scores of Thousands at one lumping Gift,  
Lend Equipage and Train a strange kind Lift.  
Well, the whole World 'tis Union must support,  
Then let's shake Hands the City and the Court,

B

Whilst

*Whilst mutually each others Help we need,  
We gild your Honour, and you mend our Breed.*

In the Middle Gallery Side-Box are seated the Common Council man, his Wife, and Jenny their Daughter, as Spectators. The Common Council man calls to the Speaker of the Prologue.

C. C. Man. *Hark you, you, Fellow there.*

Prol. *To me, Sir?*

C. C. Man. *Yes, you, Mr. Tattler; you think you have made a fine Speech to rally upon the Honourable City.*

Prol. *I hope, Sir, you don't come to our Play to pick a Quarrel with us.*

C. C. Man. *Ay, for what else. Don't you think that I and my Spouse and Daughter here are come to your House of Vanities for mere Vanity-sake? No, Friend, I am a Common Council-man, and had the Honour to pass my Religious Vote for the downfall of the wicked Drollery in Bartholomew-Fair; and though we can't have the Happiness of rooting up those Nurseries of Debauchery the two lewd Play-Houses however let me tell you, since my Wife has dragg'd me hither amongst you, I am resolv'd to make a little Reformation-work with you.*

Prol. *Ay, worthy Sir, we shall be proud of that Favour.*

C. C. Man. *But come, my Dear, this Box is not altogether so convenient, we'll go down and sit upon the Stage.*

Prol. *Ay, Sir, and welcome.*

Jenny. *Oh, dear Mother, shan't I go along with you?*

C. Wife. *What, behind the Scenes! Not, for the World! Thou a young innocent Creature, and trust thy self amongst a pack of wicked Players! I am an old Woman, Chicken, and there's no danger of me.*

Jenny. *And are they such paw Creatures, say you? Nay, then I'll keep out of harm's way, I warrant them. They shan't so much as see my Face, I'll wear my Mask all the Play.*

C. Wife. *Ay, that's my best Girl.*

[*Exeunt from above the Common Council-man and Wife.*

*Enter to Jenny an Adress.*

Adress. *Come, dear Madam, your Scarf and your Mask immediately, and whip down to your Lover behind the Scenes, whilst I supply your place.*

Jenny.

Jenny. *Ay, ay, take 'em.*

[The Actress puts on her Scarf.

Actress. *Well, if we can but put the Sham upon your old Daddy.*

Jenny. *Oh never fear his weak Eyes. Besides you know my Mother's in the Plot; and under her Management of the old Gentleman, all will do well ne'er doubt it.*

[Exit from above, leaving the Actress mask'd.

Enter Common Council-man and Wife below.

C. C. Man. *Nay, Friend; not too much of your Cur'sies and Compliments, for I am afraid I shan't deserve it of you. For, look you, I am a Spy upon you: Ay, and not only upon the Profaness and Immorality of your Plays, but upon the Wickedness of you Players too. Here's such a Nest of Rakes of you. Nay here's one Rascal amongst you sets up for a Fortune-hunter.*

Prol. *One of our Actors?*

C. C. Man. *Ay, Friend, and so impudent a Varlet as to attack my Daughter yonder, a Girl that has Ten thousand Pounds left her, besides what I can give her my self.*

C. Wife. *Alas, Friend, I hope you'll pardon my poor Husband's Weakness in this mad Talk of his. There is indeed a worthy Gentleman that does us the Honour to love our Daughter. But because he once play'd a Frolick, and acted a part upon your Publick Stage for his own Diversion, as they say, several Gentlemen had often done before him, my Husband has conceived so utter an Aversion to him. — Not but the Gentleman's a Man of Honour and Fortune, born to a Thousand a year.*

C. C. Man. *What had a Thousand a year to do upon the Stage!*

C. Wife. *Ay, Friend, do you hear him! This is the constant Rally he gives us, if we do but name him. Stroller, Scoundrel, Vagrant, and what not, are the best Titles he can afford him, and will no more bear the Thought of him for a Husband to his Daughter —*

C. C. Man. *My Daughter! No, Friend, my House has no Roost for Stage-birds.*

C. Wife. *Nay, if I or any other Friend speak but a word in his behalf, he looks not only on every Thing that has trod the Stage to wear a Cloven Foot, but almost every Thing that defends it too. — And to tell you the Truth, I had never drawn him into your profane Play-house Walls, as he calls 'em, but that I had been told, (though I find now I have been mis-inform'd) that this very Gentleman play'd a Part again*

to Night. And therefore out of mere Spight and ill Nature, only to teaze the poor Girl there for her Choice of a Player (for such be he have him) he has prevail'd upon himself with a little of my Invitation to be a Spectator of your Performances to night.

C. C. Man. Look you, Friend, nothing but a special Entertainment cou'd have brought me amongst you; to see this Feather-headed Spark that plays with you for his Diversion, as my Wife calls it. But since I have lost my Expectation, it shan't be said I come to your Follies to take pleasure in 'em, but to correct 'em. Expect my due Reproof and Chastisement, wherever I find you faulty, and so begin your Play.

Prol. If you please to accept of that Box.

[Hands 'em into the Stage-Box below.

ACT

## A.C.T the First.

*Enter Don Garcia and Carlo.*

D.Garc. " **T**HOU know'st I have been thy Master. Thou hast  
 " paid me  
 " A three Years Servitude. And 'tis my Love  
 " That gave thee Heat, and Growth to what  
 " thou now art.

" I have trusted thee with all I had at home,  
 " In foreign Staples, or upon the Seas,  
 " To thy Direction ; tyed the good Opinions  
 " Both of my self and Friends, to thy Endeavours,  
 " So fair were thy Beginnings. But with these  
 " As I remember you had never Charge  
 " To love your Master's Daughter. No, bold Sir.  
 " But I'll soon clip the Wings of that Ambition,  
 " And make you know you're but a Merchant's Factor.

Carlo. " Sir, I do liberally confefs I'm yours,  
 " Bound both by Love and Duty to your Service,  
 " In which without a Boast I have been faithful.  
 " I have not lost in Bargain, nor delighted  
 " To enrich my Wardrobe at your Cost ; have given no Pensions  
 " To needy Kindred, or more hungry Libertines ;  
 " Nor lavishly in Play consum'd your Stock :  
 " These and the Miseries that do attend 'em,  
 " I dare with Innocence pronounce are Strangers  
 " To my more temp'rate Actions.

D.Garc. 'Twas no more  
 Than Duty. You discharg'd the Trust I gave you.

Carlo. And for your Daughter, she the beauteous *Lucia*,  
 You have honour'd with that Title, you remember  
 Your younger Brother the true Root to that fair Branch,  
 Bred in the Trade of War to hardy Virtue,  
 At *Candia's* fatal Siege against the proud *Mahometan*,  
 There lodg'd i' th' Heroes common Bed of Honour  
 He left a mourning Widow, and his *Lucia*,

His

His only, and his All; who by his Death  
 Expos'd to th' Fury of the conqu'ring Infidels  
 Fled to a Christian Port, there found a Vessel  
 Bound home for *Italy*. 'Twas my good Fortune  
 In the same Bark to ply my ablest Eloquence  
 To hush the streaming Tears of that fair Mourner  
 Paid to a Father's too lamented Death.

*D. Garc.* A Christian Office, every good Man's Duty.

*Carl.* When in the Sight of our wish'd Port we came,  
 There rose that Storm, an Enemy more dreadful  
 Than the pursuing Infidels. From their Hands  
 Such lovely Eyes perhaps might have found Mercy;  
 But Winds and Seas have none. Here on a Rock  
 The Ship was bulg'd and lost, all left to perish.  
 This sinking Fair caught by her flowing Tresses,  
 I stem'd the Billows, bore her safe to Shore,  
 Drown'd only in a second Flood of Tears  
 For her lost Mother. Both I could not save.  
 Home, Sir, I brought her, gave her to your Arms,  
 Whilst in the Transports for her blest Deliverance  
 You bent a Knee at once to Heaven and *Carlo*.

*D. Garc.* I hope then you have no Ingratitude  
 To charge me with.

*Carlo.* Ah, no; your darling *Lucia*  
 So gratefully receiv'd, that dear Adoption,  
 (Your own a barren Bed) you nurs'd your Heiress,  
 So cherish'd and so lov'd, that you commanded her  
 To use no more the Name of Neice and Uncle,  
 But Child and Father—— And for me, you lodg'd me  
 In your embracing Arms so near your Heart,  
 That as you found I had been nurs'd in Merchandize,  
 You rais'd me up to Trust, made me your Factor;  
 Whilst three blest Years, beneath so warm a Roof,  
 And your own warmer Smiles I have liv'd happy.

*D. G.* And this repeated Tale is all to tell me  
 In mere Humanity to a helpless Creature  
 You did a generous Act of Vertue—— Virtue,  
 Its own Reward; the Service paid it self.

*Carlo.* But if your *Lucia* thought me not so paid :  
 But nearer touch'd with a more tender Sense  
 Of a fav'd Life, a Gift receiv'd from me,  
 Her Gratitude at last grew up to Love ———

*D. Garc.* Love! Love to thee, bold Intruder to that Heart,  
 Reserv'd by a kind Father's Care to lodge  
 A worthier Guest than thee, thou insolent Varlet.

*Carlo.* Hold, Sir—These Insults are ignoble. And to answer you  
 With all the Modesty of him that has been  
 Your faithful Servant: Though I must not play  
 The Boaster; Merit, when too much oppress'd,  
 Where all Tongues else are dumb may find its own.  
 Though I'm a younger Brother, and my Birth-right  
 Claims but ten thousand Crowns, I stand as fair  
 To raise your beauteous Branch to Wealth and Honour  
 As the haughtiest Pretender.

*D. Garc.* Thou!

*Carlo.* Yes, I Sir.

I have been bred a Merchant, and the World's  
 His Granary. Nature's rich Veins are all  
 His Mines of Gold. And as a Graduate Student  
 I have reach'd the Depth of that great Art, that World  
 Lies all before me. If I want my share on't,  
 I must degenerate into that Vice  
 Of which I never yet was guilty, Sloth.  
 And to the Honour of the Sons of Industry,  
 I dare pronounce this Glory justly ours :  
 There must be Soul and Sense to found a Fortune,  
 When Fools are born to find it.

*D. Garc.* This fair Character

You have given th' industrious Merchant is a Justice  
 I thank you for: Nor can deny your Mastership  
 In that great Science. I confess the Wealth  
 Of that wide World our Canvas Wings soar round,  
 Lies fair for our bold Reach. But still that World's  
 A Lottery; and even our brightest Hopes  
 Turn but upon the fickle Goddess Wheel.  
 We plough a dangerous Deep for our rich Harvest,

And

And the most sweating Labourer in our Field  
 Not always is the prosperous one ——— And all  
 Your promis'd Grandeur to my happy Daughter  
 Is still to build, young Boaster. ——— Can you blame me then  
 (Be your own Judge) when my Paternal Care  
 In the Disposal of an only Child  
 Prefers the present Now to your To-morrow.

Does not auspicious Providence present me  
 A Husband for my Daughter, Lord of that prodigious Fortune ———  
*Carlo.* Fortune! yes, the blind Deity's Darling, loaded with her  
 The Blessing of five hundred thousand Crowns : [Favours  
 Nay, born to a Title too, his Veins Right Honourable,  
 No less, Sir, than a Count ——— You see I do him Justice.

*D. Garc.* And is not this a Husband worthy ———

*Carlo.* Not, Sir, of your Daughter.

So far from worthy of her Arms, ——— an Object  
 Even of her lowest Scorn, beneath Contempt,  
 Nay, Sir, don't think a spiteful Rival speaks.  
 Ask your own Eyes. Behold him in his Person,  
 That despicable Wretch; and his unfurnish'd  
 Inside, if possible, ten times more Wretch :  
 An *Aesop* and an *Idiot*, double-compound  
 Deformity ——— Had you pickt me out a Rival  
 Entitled to the Stamp of his Creation,  
 The Divine Image, Man; a Choice cou'd make  
 Your *Lucia* happy, though me miserable;  
 To such a worthier Claim I could have yielded,  
 Forc'd my poor breaking Heart even to have resign'd her,  
 And dy'd to bless a Creature so lov'd.

*D. Garc.* I must confess indeed the Choice I've made her  
 Both in his Person and his Intellectuals,  
 Is not so worthy as I cou'd have wish'd him.

*Carlo.* Do you confess it then, own his Unworthiness;  
 And would you lodge a Monster in her Arms,  
 Her Days all Sorrow, and her Nights all Horror.

*D. Garc.* I'll hear no more. This Monster, as you call him,  
 Though his unhappy Figure is not moulded  
 To your nice Approbation, still the Form  
 He wears is Heav'n's Creation.

*Carlo.* So is Nature's  
Most abject Birth, a Toad's the Work of Heav'n.

*D. Garc.* No matter what he is, but who I am.  
She marries where I please. And to perform  
The fix'd Resolve I have made; this very Minute,  
I here discharge you from my House: You enter  
Within these Gates no more; and for my Daughter,  
I'll give her Housing safe from your keen Talons.

*Carlo.* Sir, I have been your Servant: And to shew you  
I am all Obedience still, I am gone this Minute.  
But if she be your Daughter, Sir, be you  
Her Father, if her Tyrant can be so.

[Exit.

*Enter at another Door Lucia.*

*D. Garc.* Well, Daughter, I have done you and my self Justice.  
Your Favourite, your *Carlo* ———

*Luc.* You have banish'd.

*D. Garc.* Yes, from my Roof but not thy Heart. No there  
He still reigns Lord.

*Luc.* If he does reign there, is it  
A Crime beyond all Mercy to receive  
A kind Preserver to my tenderest Thoughts?

*D. Garc.* Ay, there's the Claim he boasts. He rescu'd you  
From the devouring Waves. — What if I snatch'd  
A Treasure from the Flames, is't mine because I sav'd it?  
That were to turn Protection to a Tyrant,  
And Charity a Thief. No, thou cheap Fool,  
Know both thy self and me. Think to what Price  
My Favours have advanc'd thee, far above  
That poor Aspirer.

*Luc.* Yes, I own your Favours,  
Your kind Adoption of a wretched Orphan:  
And all the Golden Hopes to which you've rais'd me.

*D. Garc.* Then raise thy self yet higher, and think what Plans  
Of Glory I have lay'd thee.

*Luc.* No, think to what a Bed of Death you have doom'd me,  
In such a loath'd Embrace as you've provided me.  
If you have showr'd upon me all those warm  
Paternal Smiles, and dress'd me up so gay

C

Like

Like a poor Victim, hung round with Garlands,  
And only crown'd for Sacrifice; the insulting Infidels,  
And all the swallowing Waves that *Carlo* saved me from  
Were Mercy to this Cruelty.

*D. Garc.* Ay, now the cunning Syren pleads her Cause.  
Woman, true Woman never wants Pretences  
To screen her Shame, and justify Rebellion.

*Luc.* A Rebel! No, your duteous Daughter still;  
For here I make this solemn Protestation,  
I'll never wed the Man I love without your Leave and Liking,  
Nor him you chuse for me without my own.  
This Duty, Sir, I owe, and this I'll pay you.  
Do's Nature, Law, or Heav'n ask more! No, Sir,  
When a kind Father has rais'd up a Child  
To the fair Bloom of Life and Hopes of Love, enrich'd  
With every shining Grace, Wit, Sense, and Honour.  
When he has thus handed her with Blessings into the World,  
I know no rightful Pow'r he has to send her with Curses out of it.

*D. Garc.* Ay, every Thing's a Curse but your own darling Trai-  
tor *Carlo*.

*Enter Count.*

But hush, the Count — See, Minion, you receive him  
With that Respect, or — Well, Honourable Sir —

*Count.* Honourable! I am Right Honourable. Don't you know I  
am a Count?

*D. Garc.* Happy in that illustrious Title to make a noble Husband —

*Count.* Ay, ay, a Husband! My Nurse and my Lady Mother tells  
me I am good for nothing but a Husband: And sent me a purpose to  
make sweet Mrs. *Lucia* a Countess.

*Luc.* Well, Sir, as Thrift and Industry are your Favourite Ver-  
tues, and you expect your Daughter shou'd copy her Original, be-  
fore I enter into the Merits of the weighty Cause before me; pray  
let me ask one reasonable preliminary Question.

*D. Garc.* What Question you please.

*Luc.* Then, Sir, if I shou'd cast an Eye of Love on this dear Creature,  
And take the noble *Don* to my Embraces —

*Count.* Courage, dear Daddy that must be; do you hear how she  
compliments me?

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Do you design that I shall generously oblige the World by handing him round in common to the publick View; or that I should make the best Improvement of my good Fortune, erect him a little Theater, and set up a Stage?

*D. Garc.* A Stage; for what?

*Luc.* For the Sight of this pretty Monster! Ah, Sir, do but consider, how the Pence and the Pounds would come trolling in! Such a Race-how well managed would bring an Estate.

*D. Garc.* Hold thou ungracious Brute, how dar'st thou treat me with this impudent Ribaldry! Sure I deserv'd a serious Answer from thee.

*Luc.* A serious Answer! How can you expect one? That Load of Rubbish, that Scare-crow for a Husband Propos'd in earnest! Every trembling Vein, All my whole Mass, ev'n Nature starts at th' Horror Of such a serious Thought.

*D. Garc.* Ay, thy own Traitor *Carlo*, That black Usurper of thy Heart, has left No room for second Thoughts.

*Luc.* Nay, now you make me blush to think so poorly of me. My Love to *Carlo* the Cause of my Aversion to this Spectacle! Were there no *Carlo* here — no, nor in the World — Nay, had you nurs'd me in a Cave, shew'd me no human Face but that, told me,

This was the only Creature of his Kind, And we the only Two left to preserve the Breed, I'd drop the whole extinguish'd Race of Mankind Before I'd stoop to touch a Filth so loathsome.

*D. Garc.* Ay, now the poisonous Fury swells; but know I shall find ways, young Fiend, to lay this Devil. And first I'll lock thee up.

*Luc.* And make a Cage-bird of me. Ay, Sir, but I shall sing the same Tune still.

*D. Garc.* And you are sure you shall!

*Luc.* So very sure on't, That bar me Liberty, nay, Bread, and Life. This you may do: My Person's in your Pow'r. But know, to the Confusion of all your weak Attacks,

My Soul's impregnable. Not Jailing, no,  
Nor starving shall e'er mould me to that Tool,  
A Wretch so abject as t' embrace that Fool.

*D. Garc.* This perverse Obstinate, this stubborn Jezebel. [Exit.]

*Count.* Who, Mrs. Lucia! Why do you think then she has not an Affection for me!

*D. Garc.* Death! What a Question's here. [Aside.]  
Affection, barb'rous Woman, with her Usage of thee!

*Count.* Nay, as you say, she has us'd me a little strangely: But what signifies all that? I have heard my wife Mother tell me that these cunning young Wenches will never let a Man find the bottom of 'em; never speak what they think, but use them worst that they love best. Who knows then after all, but this may be Love all this while.

*D. Garc.* Love, in the Devil's Name!  
Well, be't or be't not Love, it shall be Love  
Before I have done with her: Let me alone  
To battle this coy Dame; so Courage, Don,  
Bear up thy Head — fear nothing. — She's thy own, Boy.

*Count.* Fear! I fear neither Man, Woman nor Child, but my Nurse and my Lady Mother. I fear!

*D. Garc.* Well, if I can but hammer this tough Rebel  
To mould her to my purpose, I am happy.  
At least I have this Block safe. No Soft-wax Tools  
To work so well upon as fearless Fools. [Exeunt.]

*C. C. Man.* Well, Fubby, methinks the Play begins with a little Warmth.

*C. C. Wife.* Ay, ay; here's like to be warm Work indeed, when the Devil blows the Bellows. What a Spirit of Lucifer has that spiteful old Father to force that ingenious young Girl into the Arms of so nauseous a Fool?

*C. C. Man.* O fie, Child, fie. That Fool is worth Five hundred thousand Crowns, the weighty Summ of Five thousand pounds a year.

*C. C. Wife.* Well, and what then! Will his Five thousand weight furnish his light Noddle with five Grains of Sense to recommend him to the Arms of a Woman of her Wit! But 'tis like your Conscience. Just so you'd serve your own Flesh and Blood, that poor Girl yonder. Because her childless rich Uncle left her a Portion of Ten thousand Pounds in your Hands payable upon Day of Marriage, provided forsooth, she marries with her Father's Consent, you'll never let her marry at all. C. C. Man.

C.C. Man. No, not with her Player-man, I can assure you. No, I have provided her a Knight and an Alderman —

C.C. Wife. Out on him for an antiquated Piece of Mortality, a Match for her Grandmother if she had one. This fusty old Dottrel of yours I confess has a little more worldly Muck raked up together, and perhaps can boast treble the Thousands of this honest Gentleman.

C.C. Man. Ay, twice treble his creeping Fortunes.

C.C. Wife. Yes, there's the Charm that recommends him. Fie, Husband, how can you debase your self to such sordid Avarice; nay to such unnatural Cruelty as to undoe your poor Daughter with so wretched a Choice for her, and refuse her so worthy a Choice of her own. Methinks you might be proud to match her to so well-bred a Gentleman, and born from so noble a Family, if 'twere only to mend her City-breed. For tho' the poor Girl for Honesty, Wit, Youth, and Beauty may deserve him, she'll bring him no extraordinary Enrichments to his Scutcheon, when her Grandfather was but a Coster-monger.

C.C. Man. Mum! Do you know where you are? We'll talk of Family-matters at a more proper Time and Place. 'Tis other business brings us here.

C.C. Wife. Yes to reform the Vices of the Stage.

O, Husband, for true Reformation-work they who to mend the World abroad would come, would first begin, and correct all at home.

## A C T II.

The SCENE a Garden-Wall, with the Door open.

*Enter Rinaldo and Viola.*

Rinald. MY sweetest Viola, such Love —

Viol. Speak softly;

or oh! should any prying Tell-tale Listner

hear this stol'n Visit to my Father's Ear

we ne'er should meet again.

Rinald. Yet we have met,

say our warm Eyes have met before his Face.

How often has he seen my firing Soul,

(For

(For sure my Heart look'd through me)  
 Snatch a kind Glance from those fair Twins of Light  
 Uncheck'd and unrebuk'd? How has he trusted me  
 To lead thee forth to silent Bow'rs and Groves  
 Unguarded and alone. Though he durst trust  
 Thy Innocence, how cou'd he trust thy Charms?  
 Did he believe that either I had no Heart,  
 Or thou no Darts to wound it?

*Viol.* He believed,  
 He knew it, suffer'd it.

*Rinald.* And now to part us  
 How can he play this Tyrant!

*Viol.* All are Tyrants  
 When once Ambition reigns. The Lover he has provided me  
 His shining Gold has his weak Eyes so dazled,  
 Till blind to Justice, Honour, all Humanity,  
 Not his Heart only, but his very Doors are lock'd against thee.  
 Can Love be bought and sold! Oh barbarous Avarice,  
 How many thousand Maids hast thou undone!

*C.C. Wife.* Do you bear that, Mr. Common Council-Man, Avarice  
*Avarice!* Well this honest Play I see will read you a Lecture upon your  
 own Text, I hope, for your Conversion.

*C.C. Man.* Hift; let the Play go on.

*Rinald.* But, oh, my fairest, how will all thy Constancy  
 Bear the proud Insults of a daring Rival  
 Made bold by Pow'r, audacious by Authority,  
 Commission'd for thy daily Persecution  
 By a commanding Father?

*Viol.* Bear it! Not at all.  
 I'll fly at once the Tyrants and the Tyranny,  
 Fly for Protection to thy Arms of Love.  
 Wilt thou receive me, shou'd I play the Run-away?

*Rinald.* Say that again, sweet Life.

*Viol.* Run from my Family,  
 My Father, Friends, nay, run from my own Honour;  
 (For Virgin-Wanderers bear a hard Name,)  
 And all to meet the Man this Heart can only love.

*Rinald.* Has the wide World thy Equal!

*Viol.* But quick, I must make haste.

I owe this short stol'n Meeting to the Umbrage  
Of a Religious Aunt now walking in the Garden :  
I left her in her Evening-Contemplations,  
And must be back before her worldly Thoughts  
Return and miss me. — Thus then I have projected :

You know my Mother sprung from Noble Veins ;  
And th' Honourable Lord my Grandfather  
Left me a Legacy in Pearl and Jewels  
Worth Twenty thousand Crowns. My Father's Keys,  
Unjealous of a Theft from my young Innocence,  
Lye in my Pow'r to steal. I'll to his Closet,  
And seize the sparkling Treasure.

*C. C. Man.* Here's fine Roguery.

*Viol.* Not that I'll play the Thief and rob my Father ;  
I'll only take no more than what's all mine,  
And what's all thine, my self.

*Rinald.* This is such Goodness !

*Viol.* At the Hour of Twelve to Night, at Twelve exactly,  
At the next Corner to my Father's House  
Be ready to receive me. — Our next meeting  
Shall be to part no more.

[Exit into the Garden.]

*Rinald.* To part no more.

[Looks on his Watch.]

Eight to a Minute ! Now but four short Hours  
To a long Life of Joy, — one Life ! A hundred.  
We'll taste a Year of Pleasure in a Day,  
And make a Life a whole long Train of Ages.  
But in these rousing Transports for my own  
Exalted Blessings, let me cast an Eye  
Of Pity down on my unhappy Brother.

Oh, *Carlo* ! what tho' thine the younger Birth,  
In Merits equal to the Eldest born,  
Honest and brave ; and what's more glorious still,  
Thou lov'st as Honourably ; yet so unequal  
Th' immortal Dispensations ; what a Cloud  
Darkens thy Head, and what warm Sun cheers mine.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Anton.* My dear *Rinaldo* !

*Rinald.* My

*Rinald.* My best Friend *Antonio*.

*Anton.* How moves the Sphere of Love?

*Rinald.* All Musick, Boy.

This Night exactly at the Hour of Twelve  
The lovely Eyes steal forth.

*Anton.* What; a fair Wanderer!

*Rinald.* Yes, Friend, to brighten this auspicious Night  
Beyond the poorer *Cynthia's* borrow'd Beams:  
That orient Star will shoot into these Arms.

*Ant.* All Joy to your good Fortune. And to heighten  
These Joys, I have a Plot, if my Art fails me not,  
Will give a fair home push for the restoring  
Your drooping Brother's Joys too.

*Rinald.* The poor *Carlo*!  
That will be kind indeed.

*Anton.* To a Tavern hard by  
We have lured out his rich Coxcomb-Rival.

*Rinald.* Excellent.

*Anton.* The Managers who have him in their Hands  
Are all my faithful Tools. A Knavish Boy of mine  
I have sent out to rig up for a Mifs for him.  
Thou shalt along, and lend thy helping Hand,  
And by the way I'll tell thee the whole Project.

*Rinald.* What; to a Tavern!

*Anton.* Ay, thou hast four Hours good.  
And less than half that time do's our whole Work.

*Rinald.* But still, to a Tavern! Dost thou know my Weakness?  
I dare not trust that mortal Poysoner Wine.  
My least bold Launch into that cursed Juice  
Transforms me to a Beast, strips all my Reason,  
And fires me to a Madman.

*Anton.* Fie, *Rinaldo*,  
Ben't frighten'd at a Shadow! Drink? I hate it  
As much as thou: It makes a Beast of me too.  
Let your wild *Tramontanes*, your *Belgick* Boars  
And *German* Swine love wallowing; we'll have none on't.  
We'll only push about an innocent Glass:  
Our Tavern-business is to load the Fool,

To gorge that shallow Monster down, and make him  
The Tool I want of him — Thou, and I drink! —  
No, my *Rinaldo*.

*Rinald*. But my Fears —

*Anton*. All Bugbears.

I tell thee thou shalt slip the Glafs, drink any thing,  
Drink nothing, — come along —

*Rinald*. On these Conditions.

*Anton*. Any Conditions. 'Tis to serve a Brother.

Thy generous Assistance in his Cause  
Will bless thee in thy own.

*Rinald*. Well, thou hast conquer'd me.

[*Exeunt*.]

### SCENE changes to a Street.

*Enter Carlo and Boy in Girls Cloaths.*

*Carlo*. Troth, my young Varlet, thou becom'st thy Petticoats extremely well.

*Boy*. Ay, Sir, or my Glafs lyes. [*Looking in a Pocket-glass.*] Look ye, Sir, Here's a Face carries as tempting a Lure, as if I had been stamp'd in the fair cozening Mould. Not the errantest Gypsy of the Sex beyond me.

*Carlo*. Nay, Boy, at the rate thou talk'st, thou hast not only borrow'd the Face, but the Vanity of the fair Sex too.

*Boy*. Vain, or not vain, ne'er fear, I'll do the Work for you.

I shall find Charms enough, I warrant ye, to conquer  
That thin-soul'd Animal, your doubtful Rival.

But, Sir, I must be gone. The Cabal stay for me.

*Carlo*. Ay, Boy, and take this Earnest of my Favour

To encourage thy Performance.

[*Gives him Money.*

*Boy*. I humbly thank you, Sir.

[*Bowing.*

*Carlo*. A Bow! A Curt'sy, ye young Rogue.

*Boy*. No, by no means, Sir.

My natural Duty to my noble Master.

[*Bowing.*

I keep my Curt'sies for the Fool your Rival.

[*Curt'sying*

*Carlo*. Well, speed your Plot.

*Boy*. A Piece of Gold! Well, I shall set up for a Miss, I begin  
with one part of her Trade the sing'ring of Money already. [*Exit.*

*Carlo*

*Carlo.* Debarr'd all Hopes of making my Accesses  
By open Steps to my fair *Lucia's* Arms,  
Oh Love, forgive me when in thy great Cause  
I play this humble Game.

*Enter Chevalier and Servants in Livery.*

*Chev.* Drive to my Guardian Uncle's, and prepare him for my  
Reception. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Carlo.* Ha! the young Honourable *Chevalier*,  
My Master's Nephew!

*Chev.* Honest *Carlo*!

*Carlo.* Welcome to your own native Air.

*Chev.* Yes, my good Friend;  
Not tied too close a Slave to Books and Tutors,  
I have made this Trip from *Rome's* Imperial Vatican,  
My haughty School-Mistress, to fair *Verona*,  
My humbler Cradle-Nurse.

*Carlo.* To pay a Visit  
To your kind Uncle-Guardian.

*Chev.* Yes, and make  
One farther Country-step down to the *Villa*  
That calls me Lord, there to doal round my Smiles  
Amongst my Rustick Vassals.

*Carlo.* Your warm Presence  
Amongst those Homagers will cherish where it shines.  
Well, *Chevalier*, in all your learned Nutriture  
Suck'd from the Breast of that illustrious Mother,  
How do you like the World's proud Beauty, *Rome*?

*Chev.* I have survey'd her with the Eye of Wonder.  
Oh, *Rome*! would some bold Painter, thy own *Angelo*,  
Or thy fam'd *Raphael*, draw thee to the Life.  
Here Shirts of Hair-cloth graced with Copes of Gold:  
There Pomp in Penance; nay ev'n Cells in Palaces.  
Thy Lights and Shades thus beautifully mix'd,  
Thou'rt all one Princely Scene of proud Humility.

*Car.* I see, young Student, you are grown up an Orator.

*Chev.* An Orator! Not on this Subject, *Carlo*.  
I have not seen the Glories of New *Rome*  
With half the Pleasure I have read the Monuments

Of the more glorious Old one ; She whose Arm  
Held the universal Reins, and drove the World ;  
How has my very Soul glow'd with the Stories  
Of her immortal Heroes !

*Carlo.* If thy Breast  
Has caught that noble Warmth from shining Honour,  
How hast thou stood the Charms of brighter Beauty ?  
Say ; hast thou felt Love yet ?

*Chev.* Faith, *Carlo*, no.  
I have seen gay Courts, seen all the *Roman* Beauties,  
Whole Constellations of the Fair, untouch'd  
Ev'n with one single Dart from their whole Quivers.  
Not that I am Shot-free, or desire to be so.  
No, *Carlo*, with ten thousand Crowns a-Year,  
That fair Inheritance, a brisk young Fellow ;  
Nay, and bred up t'old fashion'd Honour too,  
A Soul above a wanton *Siren's* Arms ;  
I want a Shaft from some bright Eyes of Honour  
To strike this Virgin-heart, want a fair Partner  
To share my Joys of Life, and Smiles of Fortune.

*Carlo.* Cherish those vertuous Thoughts, and trust in Providence  
To find thy yet unconquer'd Heart a fair one,  
Shall crown thy Life with Blessings.

*Chev.* Troth, good *Carlo*,  
Had I but half thy easy Master's Faith  
In Fortune-tellers, Dreams, and airy Visions,  
(As I thank Heav'n, I have not,) I should tell thee  
A very melancholy Tale of Blessings  
Reserv'd by Fate for me.

*Carlo.* Prithee, what Tale ?

*Chev.* I'll tell thee. Early e'er I wak'd this Morning,  
I dreamt I met the most Angelick Creature  
That ever made Man happy, or Man miserable.  
Nay, in a Country Cot I met this Wonder.  
I lov'd her, woo'd her. But, alas, th' invincible  
With all the generous Pity she return'd me  
Her plighted Faith all seal'd before, cou'd neither  
Give me her Heart, nor I retrieve my own.

For, oh! in her too fatal Fetters bound,  
I wore them to a Grave, and died to break 'em.

*Carlo.* A melancholy Tale indeed!

*Chev.* Nay, *Carlo*,

I had not travell'd two short Leagues from *Rome*  
Before a grizly Hermit stopp'd my Chariot,  
Told me the whole inevitable Fate

To which my Country-Journey drove, repeating  
All the same Tale my Dream had told before.

*Carlo.* These Circumstances look a little oddly.

*Chev.* Well, if there be that Beauty in the World,  
That one yet unseen *Phoenix* of the Sex  
Able to work these wond'rous Feats upon me,  
I shall believe the Miracle when I see it. —

But hift — The Night grows on, and my good Uncle  
Will wonder at my stay. Come, wilt thou hand me to him.

*Carlo.* I! Alas, his Doors are barr'd against the banish'd *Carlo*!

*Chev.* How! Banish'd! Prithee, Man, for what!

*Carlo.* A Crime unpardonable! I have aspired  
To love his beauteous Daughter.

*Chev.* My sweet Cousin *Lucia*!  
And do's she love thee, *Carlo*!

*Carlo.* Do I live, Sir?  
Without her Love I cannot.

*Chev.* By my Life  
I honour the kind Girl. I am sure thou merit'st her;  
And if my Interest with thy cruel Master  
Can do thee Service, here's my Hand I'll set up  
A Champion in thy Cause.

[Exit.

*Carlo.* Alas, sweet Youth! against this barb'rous Father  
His Heart of Flint thy frank and open Pow'r  
Will prove too weak to carry the Attack;  
I must find deeper Mines this Rock to shake.

[Exit.

*The SCENE opens and discovers Rinaldo, Antonio, Silvio, and Count.*  
*as in a Tavern, each with a Bumper of Wine, Drawers attending.*

*Anton.* Come, all in a Volley.

*Rinald.* Present!

*Silv.* Give

*Silv.* Give Fire!

[*They all drink and Huzzza.*]

*Count.* Huzzee! Well this huzzeeing is very pretty Sport, only these Bumpers are such naughty Things.

*Anton.* Oh fie, *Don*; we give you your Glass as we give you our Souls, brim full. Our Love flows o'er like our Wine, Noble Count.

*Rinald.* Ay, Faith, young Lord, we love you better than your Mistress.

*Count.* Better than she loves one! Ay, she don't love me at all.

*Anton.* Not love thee! 'Tis impossible. Not love a fine young Spark with such a Shape.

*Rinald.* And such a Face!

*Silv.* Such Beauty!

*Anton.* Such Charms!

*Count.* Ay, my Lady Mother tells me I am very handsom.

*Rinald.* And don't this cruel Creature love a Youth so pretty!

*Anton.* Ay, and so witty too!

*Silv.* So sharp!

*Rinald.* So ingenious!

*Count.* Nay hold, Gentlemen — Not too much of your Sharps.

My wife Lady Mother bid me never bear my self too much upon my

Wit. I am a Lord, and am worth Five hundred thousand Crowns,

and had no occasion for Wit. Let your poor Rogues boast of their

Wits, who have nothing else to live by.

*Rinald.* Ay, marry! now you speak like an Oracle. What's flashy

Wit to massy Gold, dear Boy?

*Anton.* But still this senseless foolish Girl not love thee!

*Count.* Love me! Why she can't endure the sight of me; but roars,

and bawls, and spits, and squauls. But that a Man may see, she's a

Woman by her Petticoats, and zooks she talks to me more like a Cat

than a Christian.

*Anton.* Oh abominable!

*Rinald.* A Mistress! A Monster! Talk no more of her, she is not

worth thy Thought.

*Count.* Ay, but I must think of her whether I will or no. Here's

my Lady Mother has sent me a purpose to think of her and no body

else. And here's an old doating Father of hers so woundily in Love

with me, and so stark staring mad for me for a Son-in-law, that he's

putting us together to bed *noultuns voluns*, as they call it: And if I

don't Grace enough to behave my self like a sober good Christian,

with daggers, I believe he'll force me to ravish his Daughter.

*Rinald.* And must the coy Puss be ravish'd! A Rape! A Halter!

*Anton.* Ay,

*Anton.* Ay hang her, Brute, hang her! And e'en too good for her.  
*Silv.* No, drown her, Boy, drown her in a hearty full Bowl  
 thy happy Deliverance from her.

*Count.* My happy Deliverance from her! Udzoos, I'll drink  
 double Bumper to that Health.

*Rinald.* Ay, that's a Health worth drinking.

*Anton.* Ay, fill round, Rascals.

A SONG by *Antonio* and *Silvio*.

*Ant.* **B**umpers lull our Cares to Rest,  
 Calm Palpitations in the Breast:  
 Render our Lives Misfortunes sweet,  
 And Venus buxom in the Sheet.

*Silv.* Let's think of all the Friends we know,  
 And drink to all worth drinking to.  
 Men who remote in Sorrows live,  
 Shall by our lusty Brimmers thrive.

*Ant.* We'll drink the Wanting into Wealth;  
 And they who Languish into Health;  
 Tb' Afflicted into Joy, tb' Opprest  
 Into Security and Rest.

*Silv.* The Brave shall triumph in Success;  
 True Lovers have kind Mistresses:  
 Poor unregarded Vertue Praise,  
 And the neglected Poet Bays.

*Chor.* Thus shall our Healths do others good,  
 Whilst we our selves do all we wou'd:  
 For free from Envy and from Care,  
 What wou'd we be but what we are.

And so to the Noble Don's Deliverance.

[*They all drink*]

*Count.* I don't know, Gentlemen, methinks the Candles all of  
 sudden fall a twinkling so strangely: And the Room begins to dance  
 round me.

*Anton.* Ay, Don, get but loose from this young Barbarian, and  
 every thing will dance round thee for the Joy of that blest Deliverance.

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Draw.* Here's a young Lady desires to speak with her Father.  
*Don Silvio.*

*Silv.*

Silv. My Daughter, Gentlemen, Bring her up, Sirrah.  
*Enter Boy in Girls Cloaths.*

Boy. I hope, worthy Gentlemen, you'll excuse my Blushes for this  
 Modesty. But a Father's Commands are absolute.

*[They all rise and salute the Boy.]*

Rinald. Oh, sweet Lady! never blush at this high Favour done to  
 your most humble Servant.

Anton. Oh, fie, Noble Don! Where's your Civility to the young  
 Count. And may I be so bold, forsooth?

Silv. Bold? She's my Daughter, Noble Don, and my humble  
 friends will be proud of that high Honour. *[The Count salutes her.]*

Count. A rare Girl!

Rinald. Well, sweet Lady, since smiling Fortune throws so fair a  
 blessing amongst us, with your kind Father's Leave we must beg the  
 honour of you to take a Seat with us.

Silv. Ay, Girl, sit down.

Boy. Where will you please to place me?

Silv. Next this young Noble Lord.

Count. Ay, Madam, I am a Count.

Boy. Yes, my dear Father, here's Modesty and Honour in this Face,  
 and here I best dare trust my self.

Count. Sweet Creature!

*[They all sit.]*

Anton. Nay, Madam, you could never honour us

with your sweet Company in a kinder Minute,

but to join us with your tender Pity

to this young Don's Misfortunes.

Boy. How! Misfortunes!

Where one angry Star can cast a Frown

upon this Darling!

Rinald. Alas, he's forc'd by a harsh Mother's Commands

to offer up his Heart to that most barbarous Woman! —

Boy. Barbarous; to whom? To this young fine sweet Gentleman!

Count. Young, fine, sweet Gentleman! How long would it be be-

fore my Puffs of a Mifs wou'd say such fine Things to one!

Boy. I hope, dear Don, these Gentlemen do but jest,

there that cruel Creature in the World, can be unkind to Thee!

Count. Unkind! Why she's a mere Tyger to me, calls me as many

hard Names as there are Stars in the Sea: Flies open-mouth'd upon

me as furious as a Lamb upon a Lion.

Boy. Oh

Boy. Oh horrid, horrid! Has she a Heart of Flesh!  
Is she a Woman! Has she Eyes, and can she  
Look on such Youth, such Honour and such Sweetness,  
And feel not one soft Touch! I am sure my Heart,  
My gentle Heart cou'd never stand the Pow'r  
Of all thy conqu'ring Charms.

Count. Oh, dear sweet Rogue! I protest I can't forbear — The  
Honey-words do so melt in my Mouth, that I vow I must buss thee  
once more. [*Kisses her.*] Udzoooks, she kisses like a little Cherubim.

Rinald. Ay, Noble Don, this civil dear Creature can use a Gentle  
man a little like a Christian, and so kifs her again.

Count. 'Zooks, and so I will.

[*Ruffles her*]

Silv. Ay, Noble Sir, kifs my Daughter and welcome.

Count. [*Kissing again.*] Udzoooks, she ravishes me!

Anton. Well, Don, what if we drink the Lady's Health?

Count. This sweet Puggy's Health! Udzoons, it shall go round  
three Bumpers in a Hand, and no body shall drink it but my self  
And so some Wine, Sirrah, some Wine.

Rinald. Ay, here's some Musick in this.

Count. Here, Noble Lads, here's a Health to thee from the very  
Top to the Bottom of thee; from the Pinacle of thy Quoin to the Tip  
of thy Smicket. Udzoooks, thy Busses do so inspire me that I begin  
to grow witty.

[*Drinks off a Bumper, and staggers*]

How my Head swims! I am half Seas over, and I'll sail upon a Bottle  
to Shore.

Boy. Oh, fie, Gentlemen, what have you done; made the dear  
Man drink too much.

Count. Drink! who cares for Drink! One Buss is worth forty Bumpers.

Boy. You don't know what harm you have done the poor Creature  
I protest, Gentlemen, he shall stay no longer in your Company  
Come, dear Don, thou shalt leave these naughty Men. I have a Ser-  
vant with a Candle at the Door, and I'll lend thee my Hand to lead  
thee home to Bed.

Count. And wilt thou lead me home, and see me Pig in my Straw  
sweet Fubs?

Boy. Lead thee! Ay, were it forty Miles. With a Friend to the  
World's End.

Count. Say'st thou so! Come along, Girl, and let my old Miss  
Monster hang her self.

Puffs

Pufs, Pufs, scratching Cat-Pufs,

Take your own Garters, and fairly go trufs.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Anton.* So; Business go's on rarely. Let the young Rogue alone to manage the rest of the Plot — But, Sirrah, what's a Clock?

*Draw.* By our House-Tattler exactly Three quarters past Ten.

*Rinald.* Right, to a Second.

[*Looking on his Watch.*]

*Anton.* So, we have one full Hour and better for managing thy Matters. What if we adjourn to the next Room? Now I remember me, that fronts the Corner-house, where thy Mistress must come. We'll just take one sober Glass to the Consummation of thy Felicity, and then start fair, Boy.

Gay Friends may laugh, and the brisk Bottle move:

But all the mighty Work of Life is Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE changes to a Street.

*Enter Boy and Count met by Carlo in a Cloak, and a Man with a Lantborn.*

*Count.* Pufs, Pufs, fairly go trufs.

*Carlo.* So, all goes well; yonder they come. Dear Rogue! [*To the Boy.*]

*Boy.* I have him safe, no Wedlock Noose tied faster. [*Aside to Carlo.*]

*Carlo.* But, hush, I must keep Distance; the Fool knows me. Lend your Hand, Sirrah. [*The Man with the Lantborn goes to the Count.*]

*Boy.* Oh, barbarous Creatures! to use a poor Gentleman so unmercifully.

*Count.* Hush, hush, all's well. I'll hold by thy Apron-strings, and walk as uprightly as a Judge.

*Boy.* Alas, dear Don, I dare not carry thee home to thy Lady-Mother, 'Twou'd break her poor Heart to see thee in this Condition.

No; I'll take thee Home with me to my Lodging.

*Count.* Hee, poor Thing!

*Boy.* And thou shalt sleep in my nown Bed, Deary.

*Count.* And wilt thou sleep by me, pretty Mopsy?

*Boy.* No, I'll watch by thee, fit like a *Cupid* by thy side, and sing thee twenty pretty Songs of Love.

[*Here the Boy sings.*]

*Count.* O Limini! What rare Musick shall I have! and so pretty a Fidler too.

*Boy.* Now, Sir, be you prepar'd to make all safe.

E

*Car.* Ay,

*Carlo.* Ay, Boy, the Fool in Drink, no Satyr ranker  
 Ply him with Wine and Wantonness; and when  
 The Swine quite drown'd in Swill, thou hast safely roosted him,  
 Long e'er he wakes ne'er fear to slip to Bed to him,  
 I'll have my Mirmidons of Justice ready  
 To rouse him from his drunken Nest, and shew him  
 The Syren by his side without discovering  
 The false or the true Miss.

*Boy.* I have my Lesson.

*Count.* Where, where's the Wench!—

*Boy.* Here, my dear Count.

*Count.* Sweet Pug.

[Exeunt. *Manet only Carlo.*

*Carlo.* As firm as he has resolv'd to sacrifice  
 His beauteous Daughter to this Driveler's Arms  
 I'll try to shake this cruel Father, give him  
 That ruful Picture of his darling Blockhead  
 Shall fright him into Mercy. Yes, fair *Lucia*,  
 When the keen Fool aspires to no less Prey  
 Than thy sweet Charms, 'tis time our Snares to lay:  
 Like Traps for Vermin 'tis but all fair Play.

[Exit.

*C. C. Wife.* And how do you like Matters, Hubby?

*C. C. Man.* Monstrously well. The Author has been profoundly ingenious to make this *Carlo* and *Rinaldo* Brothers.

*C. C. Wife.* And why not Brothers?

*C. C. Man.* Ay, ay, what should they be else! Both Brethren in the same Iniquity! Gentlemen of Honour and Lovers! Rakes and Scoundrels! A Brace of downright Owlers! Both for setting up false Colours, and launching out at midnight, only to make stol'n Prize of two honest Men's Daughters. Ay, poor Innocents, that's all.

*C. C. Wife.* All! Ay, and little enough to do the young Things Reason. If the old ones are such blind Fools, as not to see where they may dispose of their Children happily, the young ones (bless their Eyesight) have Wit enough to do it for 'em.

The SCENE changes. Enter *Viola* in a Night-Gown (with a Key in one Hand, and a Casket in the other,) at a Garden-Gate which she locks after her.

" *Viol.* The Night is terrible, and I enclosed  
 " With what my Vertue and my self hate most

" Darknells.

"Darkness. Were it by Day I am bold enough :  
 "But then a thousand Eyes warn me from going.  
 "Why might not Heav'n have made  
 "A time for envying prying Folks to sleep  
 "Whilst Lovers met, and yet the Sun have shone ?  
 "Yet I was bold enough to steal these Keys  
 "Out of my Father's Chamber, and dare yet  
 "Venture upon my Enemy the Night,  
 "Arm'd only with my Love to meet my Friend.  
 "Alas, how valiant, and how 'fraid at once  
 "Love makes a Virgin — Stay, this little Casket,  
 With its rich Cargo, I must hide from sight. [*Puts it in her Pocket.*  
 And this more humble Habit best secures me  
 From dang'rous gazing Eyes. "Farewel my Place of Birth :  
 [*Throws the Keys over the Wall*  
 "For thee I'll see no more. Ye Household Gods !  
 If such there be, from you I must remove :  
 For now my only Guardian Pow'r is Love. [*Exit.*

The SCENE opens, and discovers a Table, with Wine, Bottles, &c. confused. Antonio, Rinaldo, and Silvio standing drunk with Drawers attending them, with Flasks, and another with a Light.

Silv. Come, noble Captain, thou shalt lead the Van, our valiant Generalissimo.

Anton. Ay, Boy, and march before us, as big as little *Cæsar*, or Great *Alexander*.

*Rinald. Cæsar and Alexander ! Roysters, mere Roysters !*

A brace of Bullies, huff'd, talk'd big, and roar'd,

And so they drove the Coward World before 'em.

What said the good old *Clytus*, sober *Clytus*?

Give me *Greek Wine*—fill, fill it up a Bumper. [*The Drawer fills to 'em.*]

Here, here's a Health to a greater Man than *Alexander*.

All. To a greater Man than *Alexander*!

[All drink.

Rinald. But what think you of the noble *Alexander*, when he pick'd up a Whore, drank Confusion to Sobriety, and set a whole Town on fire to light 'em to Bed together?

"*Sil.* Pick up a Whore!"

"Anton. Who's that talks of Whores? A good Whore were worth Money, Boys. E 2 "Rinald. Ay,

" *Rinal.* Ay, where are they? where are the Wenches?

" *Anton.* Drawer.

" *Draw.* Here, Sir.

" *Anton.* Can you procure——

" *Draw.* What, Sir.

" *Anton.* A Whore or two, or three, as need shall serve, Boy.

" *Draw.* I protest, Sir, we are altogether unprovided.

" *Anton.* The more's the pity, Boy; can't you 'vise us where,  
" my Child?

" *Silv.* Ay, Rascal, do you keep no Whores? no good Members?

" *Draw.* Whores, Sir?

" *Anton.* Ay, Whores; do you think we come to lie with your  
" Hogsheads?

" *Rinal.* I must beat the Watch, I have long'd for it these three  
" Weeks.

" *Anton.* We'll beat the Town too, an' thou wilt. We are proof,  
" Boy, shall we kill any Body?

" *Rinal.* No; but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

" *Anton.* Now must I kill one; I can't avoid it. & Boy, easily a-  
" fore there with your Candle. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes. Enter Viola.

" *Viol.* This is the Place, I have out-told the Clock

" For haste——He is not here——*Rinaldo*——No——

" Now every Pow'r that loves and is belov'd

" Keep me from Shame to Night. I cannot back:

" I threw the Key within.——But oh *Rinaldo*!

" Sure thou wilt come; thou must. If thou deceivest me,

" What Woman will e'er trust a Man again.

" *Anton.* [within] Thou art overlong at thy Pot *Don John*,

" Thou art overlong at thy Pot, *Don*.

" *Viol.* Bless me! Who's that?

" *Silv.* [within.] Phoooh!

" *Rinald.* [within] There, Boys.

" *Viol.* Darkness, be thou my Cover, I must fly:

" To thee I haste for Help. They have a light;

" Wind, if thou lov'st a Virgin, blow it out.

Enter Antonio, Rinaldo, Silvio, and a Drawer with Flambeaus.

" *Rin.* Boy!

" *Draw.* Sir!

" *Rin.* Why, Boy!

" *Draw.* What say you, Sir?

" *Rin.* Boy, art thou drunk, Boy?

" *Draw.* What wou'd you, Sir?

" *Anton.* Ay, that's the point.

" *Draw.*

"Draw. Why, Sir, you'll be at your Lodgings presently.

"Rinal. I'll go to no Lodging.

"Draw. Whither will you go then?

"Anton. We'll go no farther.

"Draw. For Heav'n's sake, Gentlemen, don't stay here all Night.

"Anton. No more we will not, Boy.—Lay me down, and rowl me to a Whore.

"Silv. And me to another.

"Rinal. Ay, there's some sense in that; we are too sober for civil Womens Company.

"Viol. That is *Rinaldo*——*Rinaldo*

"Rinal. What's that, Boy?

"Draw. 'Tis a Wench, Sir; pray, Gentlemen, come away.

"Viol. Oh my dear Love! how dost thou?

"Rinal. Faith, Sweetheart, e'en as thou see'st.

"Silv. A Wench! "Where's this Wench?

"Viol. Speak softly, for the Love of Heaven.

"Draw. Mistress, get you gone, and don't entice the Gentlemen, now you see they are drunk, or I'll call the Watch, and lay you fast enough.

"Viol. Alas! what are you? And what do you mean?

Sweet Love, where, where's the Place?

"Rinal. Marry sweet Love, e'en here, and so lie down.

"Viol. Oh frightful! [*Antonio and Silvio seize her.*] Good Heaven, what mean you?

"Silv. I'll have the Wench.

"Anton. If you can get her.

"Silv. Let go the Wench.

"Anton. Let you go the Wench.

"Viol. Oh! Gentlemen, as you had Mothers——

"Rinal. They had no Mothers, they are Sons of Whores.

"Anton. You lie, my Mother was a civil Woman, and had a Husband as sober a Man as my self.

"Rinal. Who gives the Lie?

[*Draws.*

"Silv. Ay, the Lie, Rascal!

[*He and Antonio draw.*

"Viol. Oh! blefs me, Heaven.

"Anton. How many is there on's?

"Rinal. About five.

"Anton. Why then let's fight three to three.

"Silv. Content.

[*They push at random, and fall down.*

"Draw. The Watch! the Watch! the Watch! Where are you? [*Ex.*

"Rinal. Where are these Cowards?

"Anton. Where's the Whore?

"Silv. Oh!

"Rinal. —

" *Rinal*. I mist you narrowly there.

*Viol*. Oh let me fly from this wild Herd of Savages:

" And thou dear Heaven I know not what to ask thee.

" My State is such I want a Prayer fit for me.

But let my pityed Sex your Mercy move,

That never Maiden more may be in love.

*Enter Corrigidore, Drawer and Watch.*

" *Corr*. Where are they, Boy?

" *Draw*. Make no such haste; they are no Runners.

*Corr*. What! my good Friend *Antonio*!

*Anton*. Your Friend! you lie, I'm no Friend to Nightwalkers.

" *Draw*. Come, Gentlemen, never trouble your selves to talk with them, they are past Sense to answer you; but lend 'em your helping Hands to raise 'em.

" *Draw*. Now you are up, Sir, will you go to Bed. [*They raise him.*]

" *Anton*. I'll truckle here, Boy: Give me another Pillow.

" *Draw*. Will you stand up then, and let me lay it on?

" *Ant*. Yes.

" *Draw*. There, hold him two of you. ——— Now they are to move forwards.

" *Rinal*. And this way and that way, *Tom*.

" *Silv*. And here away, and there away, *Tom*.

" *All*. Thou art over-long at thy Pot, *Don John*.

" *Rinal*. Lead valiantly, sweet Midnight Magistrates. Whoop ha, Boys!

" *Corr*. This Wine hunts in their Heads.

" *Rinal*. Give me the Bill; for I'll be the Serjeant. [*Snatches Staff.*]

" *Corr*. Look to him, Sirs.

" *Rinal*. Keep your Ranks, you Rascals, keep your Ranks. [*Exeunt*]

*C.C. Wife*. Well, how do you like this Crew of Madmen?

*C.C. Man*. Oh! well enough; Drunkenness is its own Looking-Glass. And the very Picture of the Sin is half enough to convert the Sinner. I find no Fault in the Representation of that Vice upon the Stage.

*C.C. Wife*. No, 'tis your Filths and your Gypsies, your Wantons and your Libertines, that the loose Scriblers of this Age dress up so lovely is the crying Shame of the Stage, but I hope you'll find no such in the Play.

*C.C. Man*. No; if I did I should soon be upon the Bones of 'em.

ACT

## A C T III.

The SCENE an Out-lying rustick Part.

*Enter a Ruffian and his Trull.*

*Ruff.* A plague upon these Rogues, how wary they are grown;  
 "not a Door open now, but double-barr'd and chain'd;  
 nor a Window, but skreen'd up with a Case of Wood like a Spice-  
 Box; and their Locks unpickable.

*Trull.* Hang thee, thou'rt too great a Bungler at thy Trade, too  
 merciful, that's thy Fault; thou art as sweet a Thief, that Sin ex-  
 cepted, as ever suffer'd; that's a proud Word, and I'll maintain it.

*Ruff.* Come, prithee let's shog off, and browze an Hour or two;  
 'tis too near Morning now for any Prize.

*Doll.* I'll be hang'd before I stir without some Purchase.

*Enter Viola.*

*Ruff.* Peace, ye fleed Whore, thou hast a Mouth like a Blood-  
 Hound; here comes a Nightshade.

*Doll.* A Gentlewoman Whore, by this good Owl-light: I'll  
 case her to her Skin.

*Ruff.* Peace, I say.

*Viol.* Oh poor cheap *Viola!* this little Beauty,

some little Treasure too, and my rich Love,

Dow'r so infinite, flighted and despised

for one dark Night's debauch!—Where shall I wander?—

back to my Father I must ne'er return.

Our jealous Nation never pardons Crimes

Of my deep Die, a Rebel Daughter's Flight—

Thus far thro' Shades and Night I've past secure:

When Day shall rise to light my farther Walk

I'll seek some honest Service, there my Name,

Oh Folly, and my little Wealth conceal'd,

Under that safe Retreat, when I have studied

possible to forget this faithless Man:

For my last Refuge I'll t' a Cloyster fly,

Banish'd from Love, a widow'd Virgin dye.

*Ruff.* What's this, a Prayer or a Homily? or a Ballad of good  
 Counsel?—A Gown she has, I'm sure.

*Doll*

*Doll.* Ay, her Pray'rs she may keep for her own wearing. But that falls to our Share.

" *Viol.* For Heav'n's sake, what are you?

" *Ruff.* One of the Grooms of your Wardrobe. Come, uncase.  
" *Viol.* Pray, do not hurt me, Sir!

" *Ruff.* No, Child, no hurt; only lighten a little of your outfl Burden, to give you a Taste of a cool Morning Breeze.

" *Viol.* Here take my Gown if that will do you Pleasure.

" *Doll.* So, now be quick and bind her; make all safe.

" *Ruff.* Come, I must bind you: Not a Word, no crying.

" *Viol.* Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

[*They bind her to a Tree*]

*Ruff.* Now for the Lining of your Petticoats: Your Pockets, Gyley, your Pockets. *Viol.* Dear Heaven, my Jewels. [*Aside*]

" *Val.* [*Within*] Why, *Sancho*, Rascal, what makes you lag behind!

*Ruff.* Ha! We are betray'd: Scour, Strumpet, scour.

*Doll.* Run, Rogue, run.

[*Exeunt running*]

*Viol.* This Voice, kind Heav'n, spoke timely to preserve My little Treasure; but my Reputation That dearer Jewel's lost. For oh, what Load Of Shame will this unhappy Night throw on me.

*Enter Valerio.*

" *Val.* Sirrah, Lead down the Horses easily.

" I'll walk a Foot till I get down the Hill. 'Tis very early,

" I shall reach home betimes. How now! who's here?

" He had a rude Heart that did this.

" *Viol.* Gentle Sir,

" If you have that which honest Men call Pity,

" And be as far from Evil as you shew,

" Help a poor Maid that this Night by bad Fortune

" Has been thus used by Robbers.

" *Val.* Beshrew his Heart that wou'd not help thee, Sweet one.—

" This Thief was half a Lawyer by his Bonds.

" How long have you been ty'd here?

*Viol.* Not so long

As otherwise I had been, had not Heav'n

Sent your propitious Hand to my Deliverance —

[*Unbinds her*]

" *Val.* Now let me know to whom I have done this Courtesy,

" *Th*

" That I may thank my early rising for it.

" *Viol.* Sir, all I am, you see.

" *Val.* You have a Name I'm sure, a Kindred, Father, Friend,  
Or something that must own you. She's a handsome young Wench.

" *Viol.* Sir, you see all I dare reveal, and as

" You are a Gentleman press me no farther :

" For there begins a Grief, whose Bitterness

" Will break a stronger Heart than I have in me ;

" And 'twou'd but make you heavy with the hearing.

" For your own Goodness-sake, desire it not.

" *Val.* If you'd not have me inquire that, how do you live then!

" *Viol.* How I have liv'd is still one Question,

" That must not be resolv'd.

" How I desire to live is in your liking,

" So worthy an Opinion I have of you.

" *Val.* Is in my Liking ! How, I prethee ? Tell me. Faith,

" I'll do thee any Good lies in my Pow'r.

" She has an Eye wou'd raise a Bedrid Man.

[*Aside.*]

" Come, leave your Fear, and tell me.

" *Viol.* I wou'd serve.

" *Val.* Who wou'd'st thou serve ! Nay, do not weep, and tell me.

" *Viol.* Serve some good Woman, Sir, and such a Wife,

" If you be married, I imagine yours.

" *Val.* Alas, thou'rt young and tender — Let me see thy Hand.

" This was ne'er made to wash or wind up Water,

" Beat Cloaths, or rub a Floor ——— By this good Light

" The softest Hand that e'er I touch'd.

[*Aside.*]

" *Viol.* Dare you accept me, Sir, my Heart is honest.

" Amongst your vertuous charitable Deeds

" This will not be the least.

" *Val.* Thou can'st in a Chamber ! —

" *Viol.* In a Chamber, Sir ?

" *Val.* I mean wait there upon a Gentlewoman !

" How quick she is ! I like that mainly too ;

" I'll have her tho' I keep her by main Strength,

" Like a Town besieg'd : For I know I shall have the Enemy a-

} [*Aside.*]

" fore me in a Week.

" *Viol.* Sir, I can sew too, and make pretty Laces ;

F

" Drefs

" Dress a Head handfom, teach young Gentlewomen :

" For in all these I have a little Knowledge.

" *Val.* 'Tis well : No doubt I shall increase that Knowledge.

" I like her better still : How she provokes me !

" Pretty young Maid, you shall serve a good Gentlewoman, tho' I say so. [Aside]

" That will not be unwilling you should please me ;

" Nor I forgetful if you do.

" *Viol.* I am the happier.

" *Val.* My Man shall make some shift to carry you behind him.

" I'll work her as I go, I know she's Wax.

" I could beget a Worthy on this Wench. [Aside]

*Viol.* Sir, for this Gentleness Heav'n ten fold requite you.

" *Val.* 'Tis a kind Wench. However others use thee,

" Be Sure I'll be a loving Master to thee.

S C E N E *changes to a Bed-Chamber.* Enter Don Garcia and Chevalier.

*D. Garc.* Yes, Nephew, thou'rt my eldest Brother's Heir,  
Thy Birth and Title both demand Respect from me :  
But still, young Knight, I'd willingly reign Lord  
Beneath this Roof. I am my own Family's Head.

*Chev.* But with a Miser's Heart. How can you barter  
Your beauteous Daughter's Happiness, all her Joys  
Only for shining Dross !

*D. Garc.* Look you, young Sir,  
Once more I tell you I was born before you,  
Tho' from a Line below you, and disdain  
To be controul'd by Boys.

*Chev.* That Boy thou own'st  
His Birth is thy Superiour ; and I am sure  
My Soul's as far above thee, as high Heav'n  
From thy own Element Earth — That Boy then shall be heard.

*D. Garc.* If the bare Hearing, Sir, will please you,  
Talk on, your Breath's your own.

*Chev.* I'll cool that Breath,  
And calmly reason. — If the honest Carlo  
Has no Default but want of worldly Smiles  
To bar him from your Lucia's Arms ; look up  
To my more shining Fortunes. Whilst your Lucia

So nearly shares my Veins, she and her *Carlo*  
 Shall no less share my warmest Smiles. My Roof,  
 My Heart, my whole Estate divide between us.

*D. Garc.* I thank you, Sir, for this kind Golden Vision.  
 But as your Soul so tow'rs above me, mine's  
 Too proud to wed my Daughter to Dependence.  
 Besides I have Bonds of Conscience to oblige me  
 To match her to this Count.

*Chev.* How! Conscience, say you?

*D. Garc.* Yes, if your Learning from the Fount of *Rome*  
 Has taught you Morals too: Judge you between us.  
 The good old Count, the Father to this Youth,  
 Call'd me t' his Death-bed side, and there bequeath'd  
 His Son to my Protection. And t' upraise  
 His Honourable Family's last Hope  
 And Name all center'd in that single Son;  
 At his Request before High Heav'n I promis'd him  
 My Girl shou'd wed his Son.

*Chev.* What if you had promis'd  
 That you'd turn Wizard for him, wou'd your Conscience bind you  
 To make a League with Hell to keep your Word with him?  
 Unreasonable Contracts are all null'd,  
 Void, and expir'd even with the Breath that made them.  
 This Moral *Rome* has taught me, tho' not you, Sir ———  
 The Morning calls me, and my Chariot waits  
 To drive me to my *Villa*. — Look, old Sir,  
 See that you treat your Daughter with Humanity,  
 Or by the Honour of my Veins I'll throw you  
 A Stranger from my Blood, and quite forget  
 There is that Wretch *Don Garcia* in the World.

[Exit.

*D. Garc.* Have I advanced to th' highest City-Laurels,  
 An Honourable Magistrate! The Lord  
 Of Pow'r, Command, and Trust; and yet a Slave  
 In my own Family; my Veins controul me!  
 No, loud as this young Threat'ner Champions for her,  
 I will subdue this Rebel e'er I have done with her;  
 I'll bend her Heart or break it.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here are Officers of Justice at your Gate desire to bring some Criminals before you.

*D. Garc.* Admit them.

*Enter an old Woman.*

*Old Wom.* An' please your Worship, I have had my House dishonour'd, the wicked Sin of Whoredom committed, an' please you, under my vertuous Roof.

*D. Garc.* Where are the Offenders ! I'll hear you Face to Face.

*Enter Count and Boy in Girls Habit, brought in as Prisoners, attended by Officers and Silvio.*

Bless me ! my Count ! Well, Woman, which of these Are the Dishonourers of your vertuous Roof. [*Enter Lucia in the Balcony.*

*Old Wom.* E'en this sweet Brace of Sinners, that fair Gypsy, and this young Don.

*Luc.* By this good Light, my Lover !

*D. Garc.* My Daughter here, and stol'n t' her Closet-window ! Death ! what a Tale will here be for her Ears !

*[Aside.]*

Well, Woman, what have you to charge against them ?

*Old Wom.* My first Charge against them is, that I am a sober grave Matron, an' please ye : That I have lived these fifty long Winters in this Honourable City of *Verona*, an' please ye ; and to say a proud Word have kept as fair a Reputation as your Worship's own Mother, an' please ye. And yesterday this young, and by her Looks, modest Gentlewoman, took a Lodging at my House, an' please ye. And last Night, the first and last she e'er shall sleep there, brought home this young Don, her Honourable Kinsman, as she call'd him, an' please ye. And I being a Religious good Woman, and going to my natural Rest in a sober good Hour, little dreaming of any naughty Designs between 'em : No sooner was my old Head lay'd, and my weak Eyes closed, but by the wicked instigation of the Flesh and the Devil, they crept to Bed together, an' please ye — And rising betimes for my Morning's Devotion, and peeping in as I went by her Chamber-door ; bless my Eyes, I saw that young Don sleeping and snoring as heartily as a tired Traveller after a Pilgrimage, an' please ye : and that young *Jezabel* as close to his side as two Twin-cherries, an' please ye — Now for to see such woful Doings in my House, what did me I, but run, and call'd in the City-Officers, an' please ye ; and row'd 'em from their wicked Bed of Sin to bring 'em to Justice, an' please ye, hoping

hoping your good Worship will make me an honourable Reparation for the Scandal put upon my honest House, an' please ye.

*D. Garc.* You shall have Reparation, and they Justice.

*Old Wom.* I humbly thank your Worship.

*D. Garc.* Well, Count, what do you say to all this?

*Sib.* Ay, worthy Sir, let the Don speak himself.

*D. Garc.* Why, who are you that set up for a Counsellor?

*Sib.* This wretched Creature's Father.

*D. Garc.* 'Troth I pity you. ———

Well, Sir, you hear what things are charg'd upon you.

*Count.* Charg'd upon me! udzooks, I kist this pretty sweet Rogue, and I'll kifs her and kifs her again, and what's that to any body?

*D. Garc.* If you are so free of your Kisses, pray give us the History of this kissing Meeting between you.

*Count.* Why so I can; do you think I am asham'd?

*D. Garc.* No, I both see, and am sorry you are not.

*Sib.* Ay noble Don, tell his Worship the whole Story.

*Count.* Then the first Charge against me, I am a young Count an' please you; and have been bred and born in this City of *Verona*. Ever since my Lady Mother got me, an' please you; and 'tis well known have behaved my self like a Man of Honour in the World, from the first Day I came into it, an' please you; ay, and every body loves me too, but the Puss your Daughter, an' please you; and last Night some civil fine Gentlemen came to desire my sweet Company, to take a Glas of Wine with 'em an' please you; and I being a civil fine Gentleman, and a Lord, went along with 'em an' please you ———

*D. Garc.* To a publick Tavern?

*Count.* Ay, Sir, and then this honourable young Gentlewoman came to that honourable old Gentleman her Father, an' please you; and she look'd, and she look'd, and she look'd upon me, and found me to be a pretty sweet Creature, and so she told me an' please you; and I look'd as much upon her, and told her she was a pretty sweet Creature an' please you; and then I kist her an' please you; and she kist me an' please you, and then we both kist an' please you: Really, if you'll believe me, she buffes so lusciously, udzooks you may keep your fustly Daughter these forty Years before you teach her to bufs half so prettily, an' please you.

*D. Garc.*

*D. Garc.* No matter how backward my Daughter is in her Learning; I see you are a very forward Scholar with this young Tutress's good teaching. Well, and what follow'd this kissing Prologue?

*Count.* Follow'd! why we drank this Lady's Health an' please you, and we drank, and we drank, udzooks 'till my Head began to be a little topsy verfy. And would you believe it? this pretty sweet Fubs took such pity of me (oh! 'tis a charitable Creature) that she'd let me stay and drink no more, but most courteously offer'd me her own dear Hand, and an honest Fellow with a sober Candle and Lantern to lead me home, an' please ye.

*D. Garc.* Very well. But how came it that this charitable Lady, with neither the Light of her own fair Eyes, nor that sober Candle, cou'd find the way to the noble *Don's* Home, but must drop with you into her own Home, an' please you?

*Count.* Oh Lord, Sir! Charity, mere Charity: Why she found me in such a woeful pickle, that the poor thing was ashamed to carry me home to Bed at my Lady Mother's.

*D. Garc.* And so the poor thing modestly carryed you home to her own Bed. 'Twas charitably done of her indeed.

*Count.* Ay, did not I tell you so?

*D. Garc.* Well, *Don*, and how did she treat you at this Home of hers.

*Count.* Oh most shamefouly! gave me a noble Supper, and Kisses whole Heaps of 'em; and sung me twenty pretty Songs; and promis'd me o'er and o'er again to go to Bed with me.

*D. Garc.* Ay, ay, and has as honestly kept her Word with you, and so you went lovingly Hand in Hand to Bed together.

*Boy.* Oh! dear Sir, do not put him to that Question, 'Twill make me die with Blushes. 'Tis enough; I could deny him nothing, granted all His warmest Love could ask. In those dear Arms.

[*The Count and the Boy run together kissing and embracing*]

*D. Garc.* Tear 'em asunder. — This Impudence is unsufferable. Sure they'll repeat their Lewdness before my Face.

[*They are forced asunder*]

*Count.* How can you have the Conscience, when you see how the poor thing loves me.

*D. Garc.* Loves thee! — Look you, old Sir,

—Go, take home your Daughter;  
 Hide if you can her Shame, teach her Repentance;  
 But see that these vile Wantons never meet again.

*Silv.* They never shall.

*D. Garc.* No, I'll take Care they shall not.  
 Here, take this Rover home safe to his Mother;  
 Keep you your Syren, and we'll keep our Cully.

*Silv.* And for you, Daughter, I'll take Care——

*Boy.* How, part us!

Was e'er poor Creature used so hard before?

*Count.* And must I never, never see thee more.

*Exeunt, forced out severally, manet only D. Garcia.*

*D. Garc.* What Chance, like this, could have conspired against me?  
 How will my Rebel Daughter triumph now?

But th' angry Stars, whose Malice I defie,  
 I stand resolv'd, not Fate more fix'd than I.

*Enter Lucia below.*

Well, my fair Spy, we have had your list'ning Ear.

*Luc.* An Ear! my Ears, Eyes, ev'ry Sense about me  
 To be so entertain'd! My courtly *Don*  
 Brought Hero-like to dazle his young Mistress,  
 With this triumphant Equipage t'attend him.

*D. Garc.* You rally wond'rous well. I see the Subject  
 Has made you witty.

*Luc.* No Sir, 'tis a Matter  
 Too serious for such Levity. O think Sir,  
 To what Embraces you would force your Daughter.  
 Simplicity should bring at least a Dow'r  
 Of Love and Truth with it, if 'twere but only  
 To make the Fool go down. But, Sir, to link  
 A wretched Woman to an empty Libertine,  
 So light a Feather that each puff of Folly  
 Shall carry him to Taverns, Whores, and Lewdness.  
 Oh Sir! consider all the dreadful Consequences  
 Of such a fatal Match.

*D. Garc.* His this Nights Folly,  
 The Sin of Wine, not vitiated Nature,  
 Nay, and the Work of Plot and Malice, claims

Some

Some Grains of Mercy. Besides, poor harmless Creature,  
An honest Marriage Bed will cure this Folly.

*Luc.* And so you want my innocent Arms of Love  
To mend a guilty Fool.

*D. Garc.* I want to mend  
Thy own more shallow Weakness. How many Women  
Of Wit as great as thine, and Birth beyond  
Thy humble Veins, yet not thy squeamish Stomach,  
Have call'd the Church-Man to say Grace, sat down  
To a rich Fool of Honour, and thank'd Heaven for the Blessing.

*Luc.* Yes, honest Fools, tame governable Animals,  
Fools in their naked innocent Simplicity,  
Things they could keep at home, and call their own,  
Some of our condescending Sex have stoop'd to;  
But a vile compound of half Fool, half Satyr,  
Wild Rovers that shall run to lewd Debauches,  
And bring home foul Diseases, are the Devil.

*D. Garc.* You are very smart, young Mistress.

*Luc.* So smart, that if the few fair Sweets I bring  
Must be all sacrific'd to a loath'd Driveler,  
I'd willingly carry my Load of Martyrdom whole to my Grave.  
I ne'er was proud, Sir, of this little Beauty,  
And yet I love this honest Face too well  
To have it eaten up with Rot and Cankers,  
Without one single Pleasure to deserve for't.

*D. Garc.* How now, my witty One!  
You talk of worldly Matters very learnedly,  
My pert young Gossip.

*Luc.* I'm turn'd of twenty, Sir,  
And Women at my Years are all Philosophers.

*D. Garc.* And Fathers at my Age are sovereign Lords,  
Too proud to be controul'd by such young Rebels.  
I tell you once for all, back to your Jail again  
This very Hour I'll send you; when your Eyes  
Are open'd to see Reason, and accept  
The Offers I have made, you may command  
Your Prison-Keys, and my embracing Arms  
To open to your Liberty.

*Luc.* I hope, Sir,  
When you have lock'd me up you'll please to grant me  
That fatherly kind Favour as to see me.

*D. Garc.* To see thee!

*Luc.* Yes,——As little as 'tis possible.  
I would not willingly give my self the Horrour,  
To look upon the very Veins I sprung from,  
Transform'd to this *Barbarian*.

*D. Garc.* You may flutter,  
And rave, and beat your Cage: But I shall tame you.

*Luc.* Not with an Idiot Husband.

*D. Garc.* With that Husband,  
Your Only, and your All; or from this Hour  
Expect to see the Face of Man no more.

*Luc.* Now, Sir, I'll thank you for this Act of Mercy.  
You have given me my free Choice, and here I take it,  
Never to see Man more. Now jay! me, shut me  
From Light and Day: Still thro' my darkest Dungeon,  
Whilst th' Eyes of my bright Soul can look abroad,  
And tell me there's a *Carlo* in the World,  
In vain you bar my Joys: 'Tis nobler starving  
On a Cameleon Feast, even the mere Thought  
Of the dear Man I love, than to die surfeited  
On Stench and Carrion, the rank Dish you cater for me.  
Now to my Jail, as soon, Sir, as you please;  
But know, to your Confusion, Love's a Palm-Tree;  
In vain your whole oppressive Arts conspire,  
The weight that loads it makes it mount but higher.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes. Enter Rinaldo.

" *Rinald.* Am I not mad! Can this weak-temper'd Head  
" That could run mad with Drink, endure the Wrong  
" That I have done a Virgin? and my Love!  
" And not start forth more wild than Desperation;  
" Struck with the Terrors of my dreadful Guilt.  
" But sure I never lov'd fair *Viola*,  
" I never lov'd a Father or a Mother,  
" Or any thing but Drink. Had I had Love,  
" Nay, had I known but so much Charity

" As would have say'd an Infant from the Fire,  
 " I had been naked, raving in the Streets,  
 " With half a Face, gashing my self with Knives  
 " Two Hours e'er this time.

*Enter Antonio and Silvio.*

*Silv.* Good Day, Sir, to you.

*Rinald.* Good Day to a Night so fatal!

*Anton.* Nay, 'twas an unhappy one.

" *Rinald.* The Tavern Boy was here this Morning with me,  
 " And told me that there was a Gentlewoman  
 " Which he took for a Whore, that hung upon me,  
 " For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

" *Silv.* I faith, nor I.

" *Anton.* I have a glimmering of some such thing.

" *Rinald.* Was it you, *Silvio*, made me drink so much?

" Or you, *Antonio*?

" *Anton.* I know not who, we are all apt enough.

" *Rinald.* But I will lay the Fault on none but me,  
 " That would be so intreated——But look on me!  
 Mark what a horrid Spectre thou behold'st me.  
 Thou seest I walk and speak, have Soul and Sense!  
 A perfect human Monster!

*Anton.* Fie, *Rinaldo*, would'st thou turn Beast?

*Rinald.* Turn Beast! Oh! yes, *Antonio*!

Brute! Savage! any thing, but the curst Lord  
 Of barbarous Reason, Man! " Had I run mad,  
 " As honest Men should do for such a Crime,  
 " That wou'd have shew'd I had some Virtue in me.  
 " That tho' I have committed such a Crime  
 " As never Creature did, yet my sick Brain  
 " Struck with that generous Wound, I had exprest  
 " Some Tendernefs of Heart, some touch of Love.  
 But I, unnatural Wretch, have none of these,  
 " But keep my Wits still like a frozen Man,  
 " That had no Fire within him.

" *Anton.* Nay, *Rinaldo*,

" Leave this mad Talk, and send a Letter to her; I'll deliver it.

" *Rinald.* 'Tis to no purpose, perhaps she's lost last Night:

" Or

" Or she got home again! She's now so strictly look'd to,  
 " The Wind can scarce come to her. Or admit  
 " She were her self, think you she'd hear from me?  
 " From me, unworthy, that have used her thus?  
 Were she made up of Mercy, all the Innocence  
 Of galleys Turtles; Mercy's self wou'd rowze  
 An Indignation at the very Name of such a black Apostate!

*Enter Servant with a Night-Gown.*

" *Serv.* Sir, we have found this Night-Gown she took with her.

" *Rinald.* Where, where? speak quickly!

" *Serv.* Searching i'th' Suburbs we found a Vagrant and his Whore,  
 " that had it in a Cellar, whom we apprehended, and they confess  
 " they stole it from her.

" *Rinald.* And murder'd her! " *Silv.* What ail you, Man?

" *Rinald.* Why, all this does not make me mad.

" *Anton.* It does; you would not start else to such Fury.

" *Serv.* They do deny the killing her, but swore they left her  
 " tyed to a Tree in the Fields, next to those Suburbs that are with-  
 " out our Lady's Gate, near Day, and by the Road; so that some  
 " Passenger must needs untie her quickly. These Varlets are both  
 " secured for farther and more strict Examination.

" *Rinald.* What think you now of me? I think this Lump  
 " Is nothing but a piece of Flegm congeal'd

" Without a Soul. For were there so much Spirit

" As would but warm a Fly, these Faults of mine

" Would make it glow, and flame in this dull Heart,

" And run like moulten Gold thro' every Vein,

" 'Till it should burst these Walls, and fly away.

" Shall I intreat you all to take your Horses

" And search this Innocent?

" *Both.* With all our Hearts.

" *Rinald.* Do not divide your selves, 'till you come there

" Where they say she was tyed: I'll follow too.—Follow

In search of this wrong'd Fair, the World's wide round,

But never to return 'till she be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

C. C. Man. *Well, Drunkenness, here's some good Fruit from a bad  
 Tree, here's Repentance going forwards apace.*

## A C T IV.

*Enter Valerio and Viola.*

" *Val.* **W**E are now near home, and whilst our Horses are  
 " Walk'd down the Hill, this foot-way is more pleasant.

" 'Tis a Time, pretty One, not to be wept away,

" For every living thing is full of Love:

" Art not thou so too? Ha!

" *Viol.* Nay, there are living things insensible of Love,

" Or I had not been here: But for my self,

" Alas! I have too much.

" *Val.* It cannot be

" That so much Beauty, so much Youth and Grace

" Should have too much of Love.

" *Viol.* Pray what is Love?

" For I am full of that I do not know.

" *Val.* Why Love, fair Maid, is an extreme Desire

" That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd.

" To ask the Reason why thou art in love,

" Or what might be the noblest End in Love,

" Would overthrow that kindly rising Warmth,

" That many times slides gently o'er the Heart,

" 'Twould make thee grave and staid: thy Thoughts wou'd be

" Like a thrice married Widow, full of Ends,

" And void of all Compassion. And to fright thee

" From such Enquiry, whereas thou art now

" Living in Ignorance, mild, fresh and sweet,

" And but sixteen, the knowing what Love is

" Would make thee six and forty.

" *Viol.* Would it would make me nothing. I have heard

" Scholars affirm the World's upheld by Love,

" But I believe Women maintain all this,

" For there's no Love in Men.

" *Val.* Yes, in some Men.

" *Viol.* I know 'em not.

" *Val.* Why, there is Love in me.

" *Viol.* There's Charity, I'm sure, towards me.

" *Val.* And Love; which I will now exprefs, my pretty Maid.

" I dare

I dare not bring thee home; my Wife is fowl,  
 And therefore envious; she is very old,  
 And therefore jealous: Thou art fair and young,  
 A Subject fit for her unlucky Vices  
 To work upon. She never will endure thee.

*Viol.* Oh! fear not, Sir, the Friendship I shall hold with you  
 Can she endure, I shou'd be thankful to you. May I pray  
 For you and her? Will she be brought to think  
 That all the honest Industry I have  
 Deserves her Bread? If this may be endur'd,  
 She'll pick a Quarrel with a sleeping Child  
 Ere she fall out with me.

*Val.* But trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.

*Viol.* How fell you then in Love with such a Creature?

*Val.* I never lov'd her.

*Viol.* And yet married her!

*Val.* She was a rich one.

*Viol.* And you swore, I warrant ye,

She was a fair One then too?

*Val.* Or believe me

I think I had not had her.

*Viol.* Are you Men

All such? Would you wou'd wall us in a Place

Where all we Women that are innocent

Might live together.

*Val.* Do not weep at this;

Although I dare not, for some weighty Reason,

Displease my Wife, yet I forget not thee.

*Viol.* What will you do with me?

*Val.* Thou shalt be plac'd

At my Man's House, have the best Food and Rayment

As can be bought with Money. These white Hands

shall never learn to work; but they shall play

As thou sayst they were wont, teaching the Strings

To move in Order; or what else thou wilt.

*Viol.* Oh dear Sir! do not talk of Sloth nor Vanities,

but let my Labour get me means to live.

*Val.* But if, my pretty One, I shou'd receive thee

to a more hospitable Roof, good Deeds

Will pay themselves, and such I must esteem

My generous Reception of such Sweetness,

beyond the menial Service thou canst do me,

thou wilt not be ungrateful to so kind

a Benefactor.

*Viol.* Be ungrateful! No.

That

That Sin my Soul yet never knew.

*Val.* Then give me

" Some Tryal of thy Gratitude. I believe

" We are alone; shew me how thou wilt kiss,

" And hug me hard, when I have stol'n away

" From my too clamorous Wife that watches me,

" To spend a blessed Hour or two with thee.

" *Viol.* Is this the Love you mean? you wou'd have that

" Is not in me to give; you wou'd have Wantonness.

" *Viol.* Nay, give it not so harsh a Name; but such

" Is the warm Love I want.

" *Viol.* And by my Troth

" I have it not.—For Heav'n's sake use me kindly;

" Though I be good, and shew perhaps a Monster,

" As this World goes.

" *Val.* I do but speak to thee:

" Thy Answers are thy own—I compel none;

I must confess, all the whole Charity

I have this Day shewn thee had no other Ends

But to possess the Sweets I had preserv'd.

" Alas! What Profit could thy Work do me?

No; the soft melting Joys of Love in those

Dear Arms were all my Hopes; but not forced from thee,

No, with thy own Consent.

" *Viol.* I give you Thanks

" For all your Courtesies, and there's a Jewel

" That's worth the taking, that I did preserve

" Safe from the Robbers. Pray you leave me here

" Just as you found me, a poor Innocent,

" And Heav'n will bless you for it.

" *Val.* Pretty Maid,

" I am no Robber, nor yet Ravisher;

" I prithee keep thy Jewel. I have done

" No Wrong to thee.

*Viol.* No, Sir, nor think of doing it

You have done too much already, ev'n in breathing

Such impure Sounds to Ears so chaste as mine.

Look round you, Sir, behold yon' Streaks of red,

The crimson Skies around the setting Sun,

And think it ev'n the very Blush of Heav'n

To have heard such Words as these.

*Val.* This charming Innocence

Has touch'd my Soul so near, that here I leave thee

With both our Vertues safe. Nor dares my Roof

receive the kindling Flames thou woud'st bring there.

No, from thy sight my rescued Honour flies :

I dare no longer trust such dangerous Eyes.

*Viol.* What have I scaped ! Can Men be such strange Creatures ! [Exit.]

Woman, they say, was only made of Man.

Methinks 'tis strange they shou'd be so unlike.

It may be all the best was cut away

To make the Woman, and the bad was left

Behind with him. — I'll sit me down, and weep.

All Things have cast me from 'em, but the Earth.

The Evening comes, and every little Flow'r

Droops now as well as I. — But see, kind Heav'n

tries the Innocent. Yonder I see

Some rustick Maids pass by — I'll fly to them :

Their homely Roof will sure receive me gentlier

Than this bad Man wou'd do. True Honour dwells

Not in proud Palaces, but Cots and Cells. [Exit.]

*Enter Jenny dress'd up as a Shepherdess, and her Lover as a Swain,*

*call'd Damon and Phyllis, attended by other Rustick Maids.*

*Phyll.* 'Psha, You're so troublesome !

*Dam.* Fie, my sweet *Phyllis*, can Love be troublesome ?

*Phyll.* Can any thing but a Fool ask that Question !

*C.C. Man.* Hey day, who's here ! Look, Fubby, look : That young *Phyllis* there and my *Jenny* are as like one another as two Eggs out of one

nest. Nay were not the Chicken safe in yonder Coop I should swear 'twas she.

*C.C. Wife.* As I hope to be an Alderman's Lady, much such a Look.

*C.C. Man.* Good lack a day, how Faces may resemble !

*C.C. Wife.* But hush, we disturb the Play.

*Dam.* Come, come, be kind my Dear, and take thy *Damon* —

Thou know'st I have woo'd thee long.

*Phyll.* Long ! How long ! Poor three short Months.

*Dam.* Three Months quotha ! How many an honest Turtle-couple

have I seen coo, mate, nest, ay, and breed too in half our wooing time.

*Phyll.* And so you'd have me such another tame Household Dove, slip

my Neck into the Wedlock-coop, and fall to billing without Fear or

Fit. No, you're a little too hasty. What think you of a Mistress

as made her humble Servant wait an Age for her ?

*Dam.* And so marry'd in Crutches ; Got their Bride-men and Bride-  
maids

maids to sling 'em into Bed together, and there e'en snored their  
ment Snuffs of Life out.

Prithee, young Fool, learn thou more Wit, and take  
Thy hearty *Damon*, a warm brisk young Fellow  
Able to do the double Work of Marriage for thee;  
Make thee a Wife and Mother.

1 *Rust. Maid.* By my Troth, the Man speaks honestly.

2 *Rust. Maid.* Ay, and ingeniously too. Here's some sense in  
Courtship. But who have we here?

*Enter Viola.*

*Viol.* May a poor Maid, by persecuting Fortune  
Lost in these Woods, a Stranger, and exposed  
To all the Horrors of approaching Night,  
Find so much Pity amongst all you Fair ones  
Of my own tender Sex, to beg this Night's  
Reception in your Hospitable Walls!

1 *Rust. Maid.* The Thing talks prettily.

2 *Rust. Maid.* And looks as prettily. Let her go on.

*Viol.* Nor let it fright you to receive a Wanderer.  
Believe me, tho' a Rambler, I am an honest one:  
Ill used by a bad Man; and for no Fault  
But my fair Vertue and unspotted Innocence  
Deserted at this Hour, and left alone  
To nought but Heav'n to shield me.

*Phyll.* Trust me, Sweet one  
He must be a bad Man indeed, cou'd use thee ill.

*Dam.* Prithee, dear *Phyllis*, make her thy Guest to night.

*Phyll.* Why honow, basie Fool, who bid you ask for her!—  
Such Sweetness, pretty Maid, pleads its own Cause.  
And thou shalt be my Guest.

*Viol.* Kind Heav'n reward you  
*Dam.* Hark you — only one sober Word. Prethee make  
thy Bedfellow too.

*Phyll.* Still impertinent! My An  
my Bed, and Heart shall all receive her without your senseless Stuff

*Dam.* Do you hear, Chicken? I have done your business for ye  
You shall be her Bedfellow to night; but upon condition you spea  
good Word for me that I may be her Bedfellow to-morrow night.

*Viol.* How, Friend, a Man her Bedfellow!

*Dam.* Ay, ay, a Man; why, 'tis the whole Work I have been d  
ing these three Months, and there wants nothing but her Consent

finish it. But thou, dear witty Rogue, if thou'dst thrust in a Honey-speech or two for me, thou dost not know what Service thou'dst do me.

Phyll. Nay, *Damon*, if this ingenious sweet Creature does take thy Cause in hand, her Wit may do more for thee in an hour, than thy Blockhead in a month.

*Dam.* Do you hear that, Child? She tells you her self, what Wonders you'll do for me.

*Viol.* Nay, my kind Patroness, if I have your own Commission To plead his Cause, Love shall not want an Advocate.

*Dam.* Nay, dear Prattler, we shall find thee Work enough for that pretty talking Talent of thine. Here's our noble Landlord coming down amongst us: We expect him here this very Night. Yonder Sycamore-walk leads directly up to his great House, and he must pass this very way. Oh, he's a Noble young Spark, an Honourable Knight, and bred up a Scholar at *Rome*, forsooth. Ay, and the Lord of I know not how many Miles round us, an Estate of Ten thousand Crowns a year; and we are some of his Vassals, as they call us, his Tenants. Now, Child, what shalt thou do, but be our Spokeswoman for us, and make him a fine Compliment in our Name to give him his welcome among us.

*Viol.* With all my Heart, kind Friend, that's the least Return For the kind Favours I have received amongst you.

*Dam.* Nay, dear Rogue, thou must throw in one word by the by, in my own special Case. You must know, my good Father, rest his Soul, held a Pasture-farm of Two hundred Crowns a year of him. And here's this cunning Baggage will never let me slip my Neck into Wedlock with her, till my Landlord has renew'd my Lease. Now if thou'dst but put in a bob that way — But see, yonder he comes.

*Enter Chevalier and Attendants.*

*Chev.* Drive round the Park, I'll take the Evening Air, And walk the small Remainder of my Journey.

*Dam.* Now, Girl, speak up.

*Viol.* Permit me, Honour'd Sir, A Stranger to these Rural Groves, in Gratitude For the Protection these kind Friends have given me, Commission'd in their Names, with humblest Duty To hail you, Sir, to these sweet Bow'rs of Innocence, And all those bending Knees that call you Lord.

*Chev.* Go on, thou charming Orator!

*Viol.* Alas, Sir, give my weak Eloquence no such gay Title:  
I am but an humble Suppliant in the Cause  
Of your poor Homagers t'intreat the Blessing  
Of their most Honour'd Lord's warm Smiles. Nay, I have one  
More singular Grace t'implore. This honest Swain,  
Your duteous Vassal, loves that beauteous Maid,  
And humbly begs by me your gracious Hand  
To crown his Joys, and give him his fair Bride.  
Nay, and to urge his Suit a little farther,  
He has desired me, Sir, to lay before you  
He holds some Lands of you.

*Dam.* Yes, an' please your Worship, Two hundred Crowns a year.

*Chev.* Hold from me! No;  
My Title's all expired. The Land thou hold'st  
No longer mine, but thine; no more my Vassal,  
But now thy own free Lord. That Fair one gives it thee  
In Dowry with this Bride.

[Gives him Phyllis]

nor shalt thou wait  
For lingring Blessings from that giving Hand,  
I'll wake the Lark to sign and seal it thine.

*Dam.* My own free Lord, and all my clear Estate.  
Well, *Phyllis*, now — *Phyll.* My Hand and Heart's all thine.

*Dam.* And shall I marry thee?

*Phyll.* Ay, Fool, to morrow. Two hundred Crowns a year!

*Dam.* Oh, Noble Sir, you have so overloaded me with this Heap  
of Kindness I don't know how to thank you!

*Chev.* Thank not me.

I have given thee nothing. Thank this gracious Foundress  
Of thy whole Feast of Joy — Hast thou ought else,  
Divine one, to command me? I cou'd doal  
Whole Worlds away when dispensing Smiles  
Direct my showring Hand.

*Viol.* Oh my dread Fears! where will this end?

*Chev.* But stay, what am I doing?

I am yet but in a Cloud, and walk before thee  
With unenlighten'd Eyes. Instruct my Weakness,  
And let me know the due Respects I owe thee.  
Say, whence bright Excellence, and who thou art?

*Viol.* Alas, I am a poor Maid —

*Chev.* A Maid, and poor one !

By Heav'n, there's Musick in that sound ! Believe me  
Those Charms, fair Nymph, have made me so ill-natured  
Methinks I would not have thee be a rich one,  
For that might make thee proud : And then, alas,  
I should approach with trembling Knees before thee —  
But see the Sun's retir'd, and Night's bleak Air  
Will breathe too boldly on those lovely Roses.

Say then amongst you all,

Where takes this fair Unknown her Rest to Night ?

*Phyll.* She does me th' Honour, Sir, to be my Bedfellow.

*Chev.* And shall I beg one Honour too ? *Viol.* From me, Sir ?

*Chev.* Only permit me thy fair Hand to lead thee  
To thy reposing Cell. There with a Prayer  
To yond bright Throne call all thy Guardian Angels  
To wait thy golden Dreams. Then to my own  
Unresting Bed retired, upraise the Morn,  
Call to the Groves to wake their whole wing'd Choir,  
To tune their Airs for thee : Bid the gay Spring  
All, all for thee her flowry Odours breathe,  
And Roses ev'n uncropp'd thy Garlands wreathe.

Say, shall I in this Cause —

*Viol.* Here you reign Lord.

[Giving him her Hand.

And I am all Duty — Guard me, guard me Heav'n !

*Chev.* Now, Woman, thou who boasts the envied Glory  
To spread the Pillow for this beauteous Guest,  
Lead, lead the way before me. Lead to that  
Rich Bed of Bliss where those fair Eyes shall sleep,  
The honour'd Walls which this fair Charge shall keep,  
My humbler Tow'rs to that proud Roof must bow,  
Mine but the Cottage, thine's the Palace now.

[Exeunt, the Maids leading, then Damon and Phyllis hand  
in hand, and the Chevalier and Viola last.

*C.C. Wife.* Well, I perceive by this high-flown Courtier, here's new  
Love-work going forwards.

*C.C. Man.* Ay, and old Love-work well finish'd, a Marriage-bar-  
gain honestly struck for to morrow, between this Phyllis and Damon.

C. C. Wife. *Yes, yes, well finish'd indeed, with neither Lucia's Fool, nor my Jenny's Alderman to spoil Sport between 'em.*

SCENE *changes to a Bed-Chamber. Enter Don Garcia, Lucia, the Count, and Boy in his own Cloaths.*

D. Garc. Well, Boy, what's this sad Story thou hast to tell my Daughter in my Hearing?

Boy. Only this: Your hated and her best lov'd *Carlo's* dead.

Luc. Dead! D. Garc. Prithee, Boy, how dy'd he!

Boy. Ay, Sir, there's the sadness of my Story; barr'd all Hope Of his fair *Lucia*, in his wild Despair He plung'd a fatal Dagger to his Heart.

Luc. The dear Man kill'd! D. Garc. Self-murder! Horrible!

Boy. The Blow thus struck, he had only Breath enough To tell us that his Death gave him this only Pain, He fear'd his restless Spirit wou'd disturb His *Lucia's* broken Sleeps.

Luc. Ah me! His Ghost! I tremble at the Thought!

Boy. Fear nothing, Madam, hope a gentler Treatment From your kind *Carlo*, ev'n beyond the Grave. Alas, with the same dying Breath he told us, If his last Prayer might but obtain the Favour, That his dead Body might be brought before you For one last Look, one melting Tear of Pity From those fair Eyes, he hoped his disturb'd Spirit Would be pleas'd, and he should sleep in Peace. In Duty therefore, Sir, to his last Request I've brought him in his narrow Walls of Death Here to your Gates, and wait your Will and Pleasure.

D. Garc. Brought to my House! I do not like such Guests.

Luc. You ought to grant me, Sir, one parting Look Of the dear Man I lov'd for your own sake. When once the Object of Desire is dead, Desire it self must die. The living *Carlo* Barr'd up my Breast from any other Love; But now he's gone, Heav'n may in time be kind, And give me back my self, to make a new Disposal of my Heart more to your liking.

D. Garc. Now thou speak'st honestly, and thou shalt see him.

the Waiters at the Gate bring in the Body.

Count. Bring in the dead Man!

Boy. Sir, will you please to stay, and take one Look  
of the sad Reliques of th'unhappy *Carlo*?

D. Garc. No, Boy, I have had too much of his sweet Looks,  
Almost to that fond Gypsies Ruin) [*Aside.*]

and care not to be troubled with his four ones.

Boy. I'll leave him to that young weeping Fool;  
The melancholy Feast is all her own.

Boy. Perhaps this young Gentleman may have the Curiosity—

Count. Curiosity! Friend, for what?

Boy. To see this poor dead Man.

Count. I see him! What, and fright my self out of my Wits!

Boy. you young Rascal, I am a wiser Fool then that comes to. I  
have not such an extraordinary Stock of Wits, to play the Prodigal  
and lose 'em at that Rate. No, my small Friend, you may keep your  
Wits to your self.

D. Garc. Ay, come along, *Don.*

Count. Look upon dead Folks, quotha! [*Exeunt D. Garc. and Count.*]

Luc. Dear witty Rogue, thou'rt a rare Engineer.

Boy. All but my Duty, Madam, to so dear  
Master, and t'oblige so fair a Mistress.

Luc. Thy Mistress, Boy!

Boy. Ay, mine in my blest Master's Arms.

Boy. I see they are here. [*Enter four Bearers with a mourning Coffin.*]

Boy. No Peephole left for any dangerous Eye.

Luc. No, Boy, my Father's Walls are all too thick for Peepholes:  
Besides, fear nothing, Boy, the Object is not

very tempting to invite Spectators. [*The Coffin is open'd, and  
Carlo leaps out of it, and runs to embrace her.*]

Carlo. My darling Life! Are my Eyes once more blest.

Boy. Ay, and your Lips too at this rate. Luc. My Carlo!

Carlo. I am all Raptures!

Boy. Oh dear Sir, be as sparing as possible of this high-flown  
entertainment at present, and make a whole Feast on't to Morrow  
night.

Luc. The Boy advises well, we must be speedy. [*Lies down in the Coffin.*]

Boy. You'll be a little pinch'd for Bed-room, Madam, but you must  
make a hard shift with it at present; my Master will make you amends  
with a fairer Lodging and a softer Pillow to Morrow. Luc.

*Lusc.* So, my dear *Carlo*, slip into my Closet,  
There you'll find all things ready to equip you  
For your last Masquerade. Success,  
And every smiling Star of this blest Night,  
Speed our great Project. So, now close me up  
In my low Roof of Death, and bear me forth——

*Boy.* To Love and Life, dear Lady.——So, take Care  
You leave the outward Door a-jar.

*Bearer.* Ne'er fear, Sir, we have our full Instructions.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Lady in the Coffin, manet only Boy*]

*Boy.* Well, little *Cupid*, thy Votaries have been always fam'd  
Politicians, and if this Night's Design miscarry, thy blind Deity  
have no Knee of mine.

*Enter Don Garcia, and Count peeping.*

*D. Garc.* I see my Daughter gave him a short look,  
The Body's gone so soon. So much the better:  
I hope she'll make as short a Work of losing  
His Memory too.——Come, *Count*, advance and fear not.

*Count.* No dead Folks!

*D. Garc.* No, the Coast is clear.

*Count.* Say you so, Sir.

[*Bolts in.*]

*D. Garc.* Ha! Boy! Art thou here still?—But where's my Daughter

*Boy.* Only gone t' her Closet, where she requests you'll leave her  
For a few short retiring Minutes to compose her Sorrow,  
And then she'll come and pay her Duty to you.

*D. Garc.* Very well. But how did she receive  
The sight of her dead *Carlo*? *Boy.* When I open'd  
To her sad Eyes the mournful Cell of Death,  
And shew'd her his wan Cheeks, and ghastly Wound,  
She fetch'd a Sigh,——dropt a fresh Tear,——look'd pale,  
And in a few short broken Accents cry'd,  
Alas! 'Twas hard!——Poor Youth!——All this for me!  
Thou lov'dst me but too well!——So sigh'd again;  
Then bid me close the Coffin: 'Twas an Object  
Too pitiful, and she durst look no more.

*Enter Carlo, as a Ghost, with a bloody Breast, and Dagger in  
Hand, and lighted Torch in another.*

*D. Garc.* *Carlo*! [*They all shriek, Don Garcia falling backward  
into an Elbow Chair, and the Count upon his Knees, with his Face  
to the Wall, &c.*]

*Carlo.* No! *Carlo's Ghost*!

*D. Garc.*

D. Garc. Bless me, sweet Heav'n!

[Count groans.]

Count. No, worldly Wretch, before thou ask'st for Blessings,  
implore Heav'n's Pardon first. Look on this Wound,

The Blow my own, but all the Guilt was thine:

Thou tore'st thy Daughter from my rightful Arms,

And nought but Death could make my *Lucia* mine.

[Count groans.]

Now far beyond thy reach, she's thine no more:

Born up on Wings of Angels to that Seat,

Where neither Father's Anger, Poverty,

Nor Mortal cross shall ever part us more.

Up to that Seat of Mercy, where even this

Dire Stroke of Death is pardon'd for her sake,

And our united Hearts Love's endless Feast shall make. [Exit.]

[Count groans.]

D. Garc. Oh my sick Soul! Confusion! Dire Confusion!

Count. Ha! Is he gone?

D. Garc. Ay, and thy *Lucia's* gone.

Count. Ay, with all my Heart, e'en to the Devil together.

D. Garc. How, Wretch! the Devil.

Count. Ay, to the Devil, who cares? Here you must bring me

Amongst a Pack of Bloody-Bones and Cut-Throats,

And pull down a whole House of Goblins upon my Head,

And all for your paltry Daughter, Forsooth,

When one of my Mother's Cook-Maids would have serv'd my Turn.

'Tis a Mercy the bloody-minded Ghost did not leave a stink of Brim-

stone, and choak'd one. D. Garc. Take hence that prating Fool.

Count. Ay, and a good Riddance.

Serv. Come, *Don*, we'll lead thee from this House of Sorrow.

[Exit Count.]

D. Garc. Whither, oh! where's my *Lucia* gone?

Boy. To Heaven, Sir.

To her dear *Carlo's* Arms, you heard him tell you so.

D. Garc. Oh my lost *Lucia*! Where shall thy poor Father

Shrowd his sad Head?——Give me, ye Powers, if possible

My Daughter and my *Carlo* back to Life again,

I'd throw her int' his Arms, and thank kind Heaven

I had a Child to give, and so well given.

[Exit.]

Boy. Thrown int' his Arms! Yes, she's a duteous Child,

And has took Care your Will shall be fulfill'd.

[Exit.]

C. C.

C. C. Wife. *We have sat here 'till we are almost tired; prithee my Dear, let's take a short Trip behind the Scenes this Musick Time.*  
 C. C. Man. *With all my Heart.* [Exeunt from the Bo

## A C T V.

*The SCENE a Grove. Enter down from the back Scenes the Common-Council-Man and his Wife, attended by a Player.*

*Player.* Will you please to retire to your Box?

C. C. Wife. *No, my dear, here's our Daughters Likeness entring; let's tarry upon the Stage, and take a short View of her first.*  
*Enter Phyllis sola.*

*Phyll.* Was ever such a Fool, (Heav'n bless his Worship!) as this young Knight our Landlord; sous'd over head and ears with this wadding Gypsy my Bedfellow! How did he fall upon his Knees to her last night, and made a little Goddess of her; said so many fine Things as were never heard under my poor Roof before. Such high Court Compliments grow but thinly in our poor Country Gardens. Nay and who could believe it? the young Gipsie herself a ten times worse Fool than he? As shy of him, I warrant ye, as a Hen of a Kite; and as blind, though to her own Happiness, as an Owl by Day-light. Not the Temptation even of three soft Pillows to sleep upon, the Mistressship of ten thousand Crowns a Year layd under her Head, a young sweet Knight in her Bosom, and a Ladyship clapt upon her Back; the Devil a bit could all these three move her.——Nay and would give him neither a why, nor a wherefore for all this hard Usage, but only Stars and Fate, and Blocks and Mountains, and Heaven knows what, that lay between 'em. In short, she gave him so peremptory a Denyal, and sent him home to Bed so sighing and weeping, in so doleful a Condition, that the poor Gentleman, I warrant you, has no more closed his Eyes all this Night to think how unmercifully she uses him, than I have closed mine, to think how unmercifully I am going to use my self, by parting with my whole Christian Liberty this Morning, for a Wedlock Jayl for Life.

C. C. Man. *Do you hear the young Jade? A Wedlock Jayl! Is the Devil in these Play-Houses? that honourable Matrimony should be profan'd at every Turn thus?* *Phyll.*

*Phyll.* Use a Man of Honour, nay and so sweet a Person, so barbarously! Flesh and Blood cou'd not bear it! No, when I got the Gipsy to Bed with me, by'r Lady I fairly took her to Task, and read her so round a Curtain-Lecture, 'till at last I brought her to so wretched a Confession of her own Folly and Frenzy, her Fondness for a Sot that dropt her t'other Night, that I protest I blush'd for her.—And shall the noble Chevaleer die for such a Fool? No, by my Troth, sha'n't he. I'll instantly to him, and lay her open to him, as naked as she was born, 'till I make him asham'd of her.—Nay, and if that won't cure him, I'll take pity of him, and propose a new Mistress to him.—A new Mistress! [*Pulling out her Pocket-Glass.*] Ay.—Here's a sweet — Let me see — How prettily I look to Day! — I vow and swear I can't see what he can find in that poor Stroller—But—I protest—I don't know but—These Eyes and this — Lord! How sweetly a Ladyship would become me.—*Damon!* — I'll have no *Damons*.

*C. C. Man.* *Won't ye so, Gipsy?*

*Phyll.* And then I'll — And so — Ay, ay, 'twill do — And so pluck up a Heart, Girl. — Well, but here's the Misery, if I must be forced to speak first. — I shall redden like any scarlet Rose: — Why, — what if I do? so much the better. I am a little too pale, and a Blush will mend my Complexion. — A Madamship — and a Titleship, — and a Coach and six, — and a — *Damon!* — A poor Scoundrel, *Damon!* — No, I thank you for nothing.

*Enter Damon, with an open seal'd Parchment.*

*Dam.* Oh sweet Rogue! the Business is done: Look here, my little Baggage, sign'd and seal'd, Girl! Two hundred Crowns a Year, all my own free Land. — Well, this Landlord is a noble kind Gentleman; and so, come along, Wench. —

*Phyll.* Hands off, rude Varlet! Do you know who you prate to?

*Dam.* Prate, Child, prate! Why I am thy Husband, that must be.

*Phyll.* My Husband! Monstrous! Sure thou hast not such a Front of Brags.

*Dam.* Hey day! — Come, prithee leave off fooling, and don't put me in a Fright. Thou knowst I am come to marry thee.

*Phyll.* Marry me! — Was ever so much Impudence?

*C. C. Man.* *Do you bear, Fubby?*

*C. C. Wife.* *Ay, ay, bear, quotha!*

*Dam.*

*Dam.* Why certainly, Child, thy Wits are not all sustracted, to talk at this mad rate. Am not I thy *Damon*? and thou my *Phyllis*? thy Hand and Heart all mine: And promis'd I should marry thee this Morning.

*Phyll.* Why truly, now I remember me, an idle Word might drop from me, about some such foolish Business, to give an impertinent Blockhead his Answer. But what dost thou see in this Face, that I should marry such a thing as thee. Thou Animal! thou Wretch! thou inconsiderable, little, pitiful, despicable——

*C. C. Man.* I can hold no longer.

[Going up to her.

Look thee, my pretty Infidel,——

*C. C. Wife.* Ay, out on thee; for shame! thou vile false Creature.

*C. C. Man.* Nay, my Dear, don't give thy self this Trouble. Let me alone to handle the Renegade.—Look thee, Miss Rambler, whereabouts has the Gadfly stung thee, that thy Mercury is so very volatile, my pretty High-flyer.—Nothing but a Ladyship!—Thou my Daughter's Likeness! and have no more Grace than to play the Jezabel upon thy very Wedding-Day. If that Baggage, my own Brat yonder, should play me such a Prank, I'd make her whistle for her ten thousand Pound.

*C. C. Wife.* Ten thousand Pound! No, by my Troth, nor ten Groats.

*C. C. Man.* But for thee, fair Vanity, thou art such a wretched piece of Frailty. Had one of our Covent-Garden Brood play'd such a piece of Filth-Work, it had been a little excuseable; but a mere Country Piece of simple Innocence——

*Phyll.* Nay, worthy Sir, you must consider——

*C. C. Man.* I know what you wou'd say now; you'd tell me, you only play the Part as the Poet writ it for you. Look you, that shan't serve your Turn; the Reprobate Scriblers of this Age are such a senselless Pack of Rogues, that they bewray their own Nests, stuff so many villainous lewd Characters into their Plays, 'till they have almost undone the very Stage they live by. But look you, I'll have no such playing whilst I sit here. You have promis'd to marry this honest Damon, as you call him; and udznigs, young Galloper, I'll tie you to your Tedder. Here, Boy, take her, and say I give her thee: She's thy own, all thy own, take my City Word and Honour for't. And now let me see who dares part you.

[Joyning their Hands.

*Dam.* Oh dear Sir! you are a worthy good Man; and if the wicked Poets at this end of Town wou'd but copy from your pious Morals in the City, we should have a glorious Stage indeed.

*C. C.*

C. C. Man. *Ay Faith, and 'tis high time they should do so.—For look you, Friend, if these Libertine Scriblers, and you Libertine Players too, don't mend your Manners, and that very quickly, if I live to get a Foot of Authority into the Government, as I hope I soon shall, I shall have a kick at both your Theatres. Ay, ay, look to't; when that Day comes expect a clear Stage, and from me no Favour.*

Dam. Nay, Sir, you are a little too hard upon us poor Players; we are not all Libertines: No, here's this young Lady and my self though I say't—

C. C. Man. *Are both Saints, I'll warrant you, if I may take your own Word for't.*

Dam. Truly, Sir, tho' we are but poor Players, we are both honest ones; and as I have the Happiness sometimes to play this Lady's Lover in Jest upon the Stage, I am her humble Servant too in downright Earnest, and ever since we came together into the Play-House, I have made that honourable Love to her, and met that favourable Return from her, that at last she has condescended — —

C. C. Man. *To promise thee Marriage? Ha, Boy!*

Dam. Truly, Sir, not to be vain in boasting of a young Lady's Favours, some such Advances she has been pleas'd to make me.

C. C. Man. *Take her again, take her once more, dear Rogue. A couple of Players, and resolve to marry and live honest!*

Dam. Verily even so, Sir.

C. C. Man. *Prithee, dear Lad, chop up this Wedlock Job of thine the first Work thou dost, who knows but she may have a tang of the Play-House Flesh and Blood; and so prithee run to the honest Black-Coat, and make all safe. And when thou hast her fast, do me but the Honour, thou and thy fair Bride, to visit me at my small Tenement in Cheapside, and here's my Hand, before all this noble Company, my House shall be thy home; thou shalt be as welcome as my own Heart. An honest Brace of Players! Odsfif, Man, I thought you had all lived in Common.*

C. C. Wife. *Welcome to our House! By my Faith and so they shall. Nay, I am resolved to bring this sweet Creature acquainted with her own dear Likeness, that Miss in a Mask yonder.*

Phyl. Oh Madam! now you'll do me too much Honour.

C. C. Wife. *No, my pretty Saint, the Honour will be of your side. The Child of a Lady Mayorefs might be proud of the Friendship of a virtuous Actress.*

*Dam.* Well, dear Sir, I am resolv'd to obey your Commands, and make all possible Expedition in this Nuptial Affair, if only the sooner to accept your honourable City Invitation, and give my sweet Spouse and my self the Happiness of your own, and your Lady's Friendship and Patronage; and so we humbly kiss your Hands.

[*Exeunt Damon and Phyllis.*]

*C. C. Wife.* My hearty Blessing go along with you both.

*Lady in the Balcony.* So, now the Work's finish'd! Well, my pretty Rogues, you have perform'd to a Miracle.

*C. C. Wife.* Oh dear Hubby! I am so pleas'd with this innocent Pair of Stage-Turtles——

*C. C. Man.* Pleas'd to see a couple of honest Stage-Players! Ay, Child, I am so proud on't, that I am resolv'd to have my Statue set up in one of the Niches of Paul's, in Honour to my part of the Performance in this Day's glorious Work of Reformation.——But come, we shall be troublesome on the Stage, let's retire to our Box again.

[*Exeunt into the Box.*]

*Enter Chevaleer and Viola.*

*Viol.* Is there that proudest Beauty in the World  
That wears her Heart her own, cou'd stand invincible?  
But Oh! Hard Fate! This Heart's not mine.——I have  
Unlock'd my Soul, laid the whole Cause before you,  
Why this seal'd Breast, this only Rock of Ice,  
Nor all those daz'ling Honours e'er can melt.

*Chev.* Undone by such a Rival! Can the Sins  
He has committed, such black Crimes, such Treason  
Hold this amazing Pow'r; thy Heart so poorly seal'd,  
Had Truth and Vertue, some deserving Worthy,  
Like Heav'n's once dread commission'd Angel,  
Held the flaming Sword against me, I had born  
That just Exclusion ev'n without a Murmur:  
Resign'd to Fate, and only sigh'd and dy'd.  
But when a Cloven-footed Guardian bars

The Gate to this fair Paradise, think what Agonies  
My tortur'd Soul must bear.

*Viol.* Let not the Weakness  
Of this poor Heart so lost give you this Torment.

No, let it move your Pity.

*Chev.* Ev'n that Pity  
Doubles the Pangs I feel. Did I not love thee,

The

The common Ties of Nature, mere Humanity,  
 Would give a Stab through every generous Breast  
 To see a Creature so divinely Fair  
 Wear such inglorious Chains, enslaved to a Miscreant,  
 A Wretch below Contempt ——— Oh no, resume

thy Beauty and thy Sexes just Prerogative:  
 For thy own sake, knock off these shameful Fetters.  
 What Tie can bind thy Faith to such an Infidel!

*Viol.* Alas, Sir, the Eternal Dispensations  
 are unaccountable. Ev'n to this bad Man

My Destiny, irrevocable Destiny

Has bound my Love with such a fatal Gordian

That nought but Death can break.

*Chev.* Oh; do not name

those sacred Pow'rs! Can the all-righteous Heav'n

th' Author of Injustice thus to load

the most deserving Work of their Creation

With these unequal Sufferings!

*Viol.* Injustice!

Alas; we are all the Work of absolute Will:

All moulded as th' Eternal Mind thinks fit.

Desert not always shares the worldly Portion:

And mortal Lots must not dispute Omnipotence.

Our Nature, Beings, nay, our very Passions

With their whole Train of Miseries, are all

mutable Decree: And such are mine,

When to such Love and such inviting Glories

I can make no Return; lost to your Hopes,

Lost to my self, and lost to all the World:

This is my Doom, and ne'er to be repeal'd.

*Chev.* My Doom's no more to be repeal'd than thine. ———

Sat, oh, thou killing Fair, there's something breathes

so fragrant in this tender Voice thou utter'st,

As sweetens ev'n the very Death thou givest me!

*Viol.* Oh do not name your Death! No, let me take

This Face of Ruin from your sight for ever.

*Chev.* For ever! That's too dismal.

*Viol.* Yes, Sir, let me

retire, and try what Balm the Infinite Mercy

Will pour to heal your Pains; when the unhappy

Disturber of your Rest is seen no more.

*Chev.*

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*Chev.* Know'st thou what 'tis thou ask'st me!

*Viol.* What I'll ask

Th' all-pitying Heav'n to grant, the Restoration  
Of your calm'd Soul's soft Peace.

*Chev.* Alas, that Prayer  
Comes now too late. But if thy Cruelty  
Has fix'd the dire Decree to take thee from me,  
Say not for ever. No, be kind and promise me  
That I shall see those Eyes once more.

*Viol.* I promise you.

*Chev.* But when!

*Viol.* When e'er you please to call, I'll bring 'em forth  
All drown'd in Tears to mourn your Fate and mine.

*Chev.* Go then, thou gentlest of the fair Destroyers:  
But to return once more, return to give me  
The darling View of those bright Lights that charm  
Ev'n in their Work of Death. That beauteous Image

The very Heart it strikes with Pleasure fills:

The Lightning glitters whilst the Thunder kills. [Exeunt several]

*Enter Rinaldo and Valerio.*

" *Val.* This is the Place. Here did I leave the Maid

" Alone last Night, drying her tender Eyes,

" Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous

" To have me gone.

" *Rinald.* How rude are all we Men,

" That take the name of Civil to our selves!

" If she had set her Foot upon an Earth

" Where People live that Men call Barbarous:

" Though they had had no House to bring her to,

" They would have spoil'd the Glory that the Spring

" Has deck'd the Trees in, and with willing Hands

" Have torn their Branches down, and every Man

" Would have become a Builder for her sake.

" What time left you her here?

" *Val.* I left her when the Sun had so much to set

" As he is now got from his Place of Rise.

" *Rinald.* So near the Night, she could not wander far.

" *Val.* Without all Question, Sir, she sought a House.

*Enter Viola with two Rustick Maids.*

*Viol.* When I have paid him my last promis'd Visit,  
I'll fly as far as travell'd Worlds can carry me

From

from the unhappy Mischiefs I have done.

" *Val.* That last is she, 'tis she.

We shall infect her. Let her have the Wind,

And we will kneel down here.

" *Viol.* I know that Voice and Face.

*Val.* So, now you are safe together, Heav'n and Love

protect you, so farewell.

[*Exit.*

" *1 Rust. Maid.* Udz body, *Nan*, help, she's in a Swoon!

" *2 Rust. Maid.* An' you be a Man, come hither and help a Woman.

" *Rinald.* Come hither! 'Twas my being now so near

That made her swoon. Alas, my venom'd Eyes

Strike Innocency dead!

" *1 Rust. Maid.* How dost thou!

" *Viol.* Why — well.

" *2 Rust. Maid.* Art thou able to go?

" *Viol.* No, pray you go, and leave me here alone,

Till you come back.

" *1 Rust. Maid.* Leave you with that strange Man!

" *Viol.* I know him well, I'll warrant thee, he'll ne'er hurt me.

" *2 Rust. Maid.* Leave her! No, by my Troth, my Landlord's Darling must not be so slighted.

" *1 Rust. Maid.* No, let's steal behind this Bush, and hear what the kneeling Fool has to say to her. [*Exeunt Maids within the Scenes.*

" *Rinald.* How does that beauteous wrong'd one! Be not fearful, I'll hold my Hands before my Mouth, and speak:

My Breath shall never blast you.

" *Viol.* 'Twas enough

To use me ill, not mock me; Kneel to me,

poor lost Creature so despis'd as I have been!

" *Rinald.* Alas, I kneel, and at this awful distance

kneel like the Criminal at the Bar of Death

With all my Train of conscious Horrors round me;

lower than Earth, and ev'n beneath my Grave

to this offended Fair

" *Viol.* Nay, fie, *Rinaldo!*

You own you did the Fault, yet scorn to come

So far as hither to ask Pardon for it.

" *Rinald.* Alas, how dare my Crimes approach so near thee,

Unworthy as I am! No, to atone my Treasons,

Bid me to search out Things next to impossible,

command me Labours like an angry *Juno*;

and when the Expiation-task's perform'd,

" I may

" I may with better Modesty receive Forgiveness from you.

" *Viol.* I will set no Penance

" To gain the great Forgiveness you desire,

" But to come hither, and take me, and it.

" Or wou'd you have me come and beg of you

" That you wou'd be content to be forgiven.

" *Rinald.* Nay, I will come, since that sweet Breath of Mercy

" Commands me. Though a Breaker of my Faith,

" A loathsome Drunkard, and in that wild Fury

" A roving Libertine, I do beseech you

" To pardon all these Faults, and take me up

" An honest, temperate, and a faithful Man.

" *Viol.* For Heav'n's sake urge your Faults no more, but mend.

" All the Forgiveness I can make you, is

" To love you, which I will do, and desire

" Nothing but Love again; which if I have not,

" Yet I will love you still,

" *Rinald.* Oh, Women! that some one of you will take

" An everlasting Pen into your Hands

" And 'grave in Paper, which the Writ shall make

" More lasting than the Marble Monuments,

" Your matchless Vertues to Posterities,

" Which the envious Race of Man strive to conceal.

" *Viol.* Methinks I would not now for any thing

" But you had miss'd me. I have made a Story

" Will serve to waste many a Winter's Fire

" When we are old. I'll tell my Daughters then

" The Miseries their Mother had in Love,

" And say, my Girls be wiser. Yet I would not

" Have had more Wit my self.

*Rinald.* What Musick does Love breathe!

*Viol.* Ay, now, 'tis Musick.

But one Day more had untun'd all these Joys:

I had been fled to some more distant Sanctuary,

To Wilds and Deserts, from this fatal Ground.

*Rinald.* This fatal Ground! I hope those beauteous Eyes

Have Litt' no more unhallow'd Fires to fright thee.

*Viol.* Yes, these hard-fated Eyes have given a second

More killing and more pitied Wound. Alas,  
Struck with an honourable Dart, the Lord  
Of these fair Groves, all sighing, weeping, dying,  
Has laid a bleeding Heart beneath my Feet.

*Rinald.* The Noble Youth *Don Garcia*! Stood my *Viola*'s  
Unshaken Love, the Charms of such a Rival!  
Such Youth, such Honour, Vertue, Innocence,  
Nay, and the Lord of all that shining Fortune  
Ev'n more than doubly mine; and all for worthless me!

*Viol.* Fie, my *Rinaldo*, now you make me blush for you,  
Ev'n but to start so poor a Thought as this!

Can courting Millions buy my Heart from thee?

*Rinald.* Still more divinely good.

*Enter two Rustick Maids peeping.*

*i Rust. Maid.* Ay, ay, all's out. No wonder our poor Master  
has been so us'd. But come along, Wench, we'll to him immedi-  
ately, and he shall have it all through both Ears.

[*Exeunt Rusticks.*]

*Rinald.* New Wonders strike my Eyes! See my dear *Carlo*  
And his fair *Lucia*.

*Enter Carlo and Lucia.*

*Carlo.* My most honour'd Brother  
And his sweet *Viola*.

*Viol.* Must I not call this fair one Sister?

*Luc.* Blest with that Title, to meet these dear Embraces.

[*The Ladies salute.*]

*Rinald.* Yes I have found  
The most wrong'd Fair, found her all Mercy too,  
For she has forgiven me ——— After the long Ordeal  
The burning Irons I have past o'er to seek her,  
Her Guardian Angels have been kind at last,  
And strew'd my way with Roses to these Arms.

*Carlo.* The same propitious Pow'rs have blest'd me too,  
For the fair *Lucia*'s mine. But the whole Stratagem  
That broke her Jail, and why this distant Journey  
For our safe Nuptial Knot, will be a Tale too long  
For the first Transports of this happy Meeting.

K

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Look, look, my *Carlo*, see my Father yonder.

*Carlo.* Ha, thy Father!

*Luc.* Just lighted from his Horse. and moving this way.

*Carlo.* How shall I meet him!

*Luc.* As we ought to meet him,

With all the Courage of two happy Lovers;

Put forward a good Face, and tell him all.

His Pardon we must ask, and he must give it us,

And a good Deed the sooner done the better.

*Enter Don Garcia.*

*D. Garc.* Thus far my Grief has wander'd: And if possible

I cou'd ev'n wander from my self. I scarce

Cou'd have believed this Tragick Vision, had not

My Ghostly Guide confirm'd it — There have been

Self-murders, and the Guilt of perjur'd Love

Has pull'd down greater Vengeance — My lost Daughter! —

*Lucia* and *Carlo*! Bless my Eyes! —

*Carlo.* Be frighted

At Shadows, Sir, no more. We are Flesh and Blood,

Your living Son and Daughter.

*Luc.* Begging your Pardon

For all the Frauds, and every little Artifice

Love only cou'd commit, and Love forgive,

We must deceive no more. My *Carlo*'s Murder

Was all but Masquerade; and the same Shoulders

That brought that Load of Death into your House

Bore out your living *Lucia*; and my *Carlo*

Rigg'd out a harmless Goblin from my Closet

To break his Mistress's enchanted Castle;

My dear Knight-Errant, by the Laws of Chivalry,

Has fairly won me, and as fairly married me.

*D. Garc.* By all the Pains thou hast given me, and by all

My Hopes of Joys that thou wilt give me, take her,

Thou dear Deceiver, take her. With this Hand

And Heart I give her thee.

*Luc.* As I promis'd I'd ne'er wed before your leave first granted,

I hope I had that Grant when you so kindly

With'd

With'd him alive, and in your *Lucia's* Arms.

*D. Garc.* Well, well, my pretty Juggler, that imperfect Consent then given is now compleatly seal'd. —

My *Chro's* worthy Brother, and his Fair one!

Thou hast a Father too, perhaps thou think'st

An angry one. No, hush that Fear, sweet *Viola* :

I left him in my Tears, and the same Convert,

Breathing a thousand Pray'rs for thy Recovery,

And wishing thee in thy *Rinaldo's* Arms.

*Viol.* Our Joys are now compleat. Crown but this Blessing With the poor *Garcia's* Peace restor'd — But see, he's here.

*Enter Chevalier in Mourning.*

*Chev.* I come to challenge thy kind Act of Grace.

But one last Look! ——— oh, thou too happy Rival!

I must not say an envied one. Ah, no,

I come a galleys Turtle to this Fair one

To moan my Fate, but not to murmur at it.

*Viol.* Oh, why these Sable Weeds!

*Chev.* Mistaken Sweetness,

Call 'em not Weeds: These are my Nuptial Robes:

I have chose me a new Love.

*Viol.* Oh, say that Word again.

*Chev.* Chose — an embracing Heav'n, resolv'd at once

To bid vain Hopes and vainer Worlds adieu.

*Viol.* What means this Language! Oh my trembling Fears!

*Chev.* Only retiring t' a Religious Cell

To a long hard Bed of Rest.

*Viol.* Oh do not name

This barbarous Resolve!

*Chev.* Nay, fie, sweet *Viola*!

The Wound thou hast given me nought but Heav'n can cure.

And can'st thou be so cruel as to chide me

Only for chusing me my best Physician.

*Viol.* No, dear Sir, Trust Heav'n's Medicinal Mercy

To find a gentler Cure. Wait the blest Hour

When from your Eyes this worthless Image vanish'd,

Your Peace shall be restor'd.

*Rinald.* Retire t' a Convent, quit Mankind, and leave  
The too sad World a Mourner for the Loss  
Of such bright Hopes.

*Viol.* Nay, leave this more sad Heart  
With ever bleeding Pains shut out from Life by me.

*Chev.* And will it pain thee to behold me quit  
This Earthly Dross for more Immortal Joys!  
Think not I go to be lock'd up in Solitude:  
The World's my only Jail, and a bless'd Cell  
All shining Liberty; there I shall set  
A wide Eternity before my Eyes.  
There I shall study to forget all Sorrow;  
There learn to bless a Rival, court high Heav'n  
To crown your endless Joys —  
But stay, before this sacred Task's perform'd  
I have one Grace to beg of thee.

*Rinald.* Of me!

*Chev.* Alas, I want no Pomp, Plumes, Wealth nor Honours  
To furnish a poor Cell, and therefore must  
Intreat this Favour, that I may divide  
The Worldly Lumber that I leave behind me  
Betwixt my Cousin *Lucia*, and thy *Viola*.

*Rinald.* Oh my Confusion! Have I robb'd thy Love  
Of all this Earth held dear to thee, and now  
To play that Spoiler, rifle thy fair Fortunes!

*Chev.* Oh as thou valuest my eternal Peace  
I must have no Denial. Thy Acceptance  
Of this small Tribute laid at those dear Feet  
Is all I have on this side Heav'n to ask.

*Carlo.* Oh, how shall we divide our equal Duty  
Betwixt our grateful Knees and melting Eyes!  
Those to acknowledge thy unequal'd Goodness,  
And these to mourn thy more unequal'd Sufferings.

*Chev.* No more of that harsh Subject — Now, sweet *Viola*,  
Lend me thy Hand for one cold parting Kiss. [Kisses her Hand  
Here, bless'd *Rinaldo*, take thy beauteous Bride!

[Joins their Hands  
No

Now in a different Path to Bliss we move,  
Thou to that Heav'n below, and I to mine above.

*Viol.* Oh, Sweet lost Youth! my watry Pillow spread  
With those sad Rites our Nuptial Gordian tyed,  
W'n to these Arms thou send'st a Mourning Bride.

*Rinald.* Thy pityed Sufferings so mourn'd so felt  
That ev'n the Eyes of a crown'd Rival melt.

*Chev.* Nay, now my Sighs will be all over-paid.  
So then, blest Pair, so blest! May you in Love's  
Rich Bed of Sweetness find all that soft Repose,  
More Joys of Life than all I go to lose.

*Rinald.* Oh Love! What various Trophies does thy Field  
Like the uncertain Lot of Battle yield.  
The Happy all victorious are decree'd  
For Wreaths of Laurel, whilst th' Unhappy bleed.

[*Exit.*]

*A Player speaks to the Common Council Man.*

*Player.* Well, Sir, how do you like our Play?

*C.C. Man.* I'll come and talk with you.

[*Exit with his Wife from the Box to the Stage.*]

*Player.* Does it come up to your City-Standart of Morality? Wou'd  
it pass Muster before a Court of Common-Council?

*C. C. Man.* Why truly, Friend, very hardly. I confess indeed  
here's your Lucia and your Viola, as you call 'em, a Brace of inno-  
cent young Fondlings, and the Poet honestly marries 'em at last.  
But still here's a Tang of Rebellion sow'rs all: They are a couple  
of scandalous Runaways from their honourable Fathers and Guardians.  
Well, I defy my Jenny from playing me any such slippery Trick, I thank  
Heaven, I have ten thousand Pound Bail of hers in my Hand, to secure  
her from any such Elopement.

*Player.* Are you sure on't, old Gentleman?

[*Aside.*]

*C.C. Man.* But what's become of your Shepherd, and his Country  
Spouse? Your honest Play-House Couple, that were for marrying in  
good Earnest. All a Banter! I can't chuse but think how I was drawn  
in. What a credulous old Coxcomb they made of me! A couple of  
Players, and marry!

*Player.*

*Player.* Ay, verily, Sir, and are just now entring to ask your Blessing.

*C. C. Man.* My Blessing! and by my Troth they shall have it.  
*Enter Jenny in her own Cloaths, and her Damon in the Habit of Gentleman.*

*Dam.* Most honour'd Father! your dutiful Son and Daughter.

*C. C. Man.* Sprights and Goblins! My Jenny! *[Kneeling]* 'Tis impossible  
What Jenny's that yonder?

*Actress in the Gall.* Only some small part of her Wardrobe; her Mask and her Scarf, Sir.

*C. C. Man.* Cheated and abused! Was ever such a piece of Roguery hammer'd, except in the Devil's Forge, a Play-House? But bark you Sir, do you think this Hocus Pocus shall carry off my Daughter, and ten thousand Pound?

*Dam.* I hope so, Sir, her Uncle's Will has given it me: You know you gave me your Consent to marry her, All this good Company can bear me Witness.

*C. C. Man.* What will they witness for thee? That thou hast debauch'd my Daughter into a Stage-Player! Drest her in the Badge of Satan! The Vestments of a Stroller! A Minstrel! Oh Abomination!

*C. C. Wife.* Come, Husband, never vex your self at this small Blow in her Scutcheon. The poor Girl loved this honest Gentleman, and resolved she should have him. But because his Appearance upon the Stage, forsooth, had so lost him in your Favor, as to forbid him all Thoughts of aspiring to her, I took Care she should descend to him; made her take one Trip upon the Stage her self, to make an equal Match of them. Nay, and this Play-House Plot of ours secured her against all Dangers of an Alderman Pretender; for I very well knew his nice City Honour would no more accept of a Player for a Wife, than you one for a Son-in-law. And therefore make no more Words of the Matter, but take 'em to your Arms, and give 'em your Blessing.

*C. C. Man.* When the Wives of our Bosom plot against us, our Despotick Government's at an end, and I must submit. Well, Spouse, if I were but assured of his Quality and Fortunes——

*C. C. Wife.* Trouble not your self about that.—Though you never thought it worth your Inquiry, I thought it worth mine, and am ve-

well satisfied that he has the Estate he pretends to, and is the  
 Gentleman he professes himself to be.

C. C. Man. Well, Wife, thou hast conquer'd and convinc'd me; and  
 had of reforming the Stage the Stage has reformed me, made me  
 carry my Daughter to a brisk young Fellow that deserves her; and so  
 is you together.

Dam. Well, Sir, as kindly as you push on the Marriage betwixt  
 honest Damon and Phyllis, I did not think these Walls worthy  
 Honour. No,

The Marriage Rites are still to be perform'd. ——— And now,

My Side-Box Brothers, as I'm one of you,

Do not my Trip on the poor Stage despise,

You'd all play *Damons* for my golden Prize.

In Loves fair Lottery with my Fortune crown'd,

May you all draw like me, ten thousand Pound.

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F I N I S

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THE  
EPILOGUE

**T**IS bard our drudging Author's no small Pains,  
Joyn'd too with some of Fletcher's labour'd Scenes,  
Should thus unhappily be thrown away  
Rigg'd out a hopeless long Vacation Play.  
The Fate of Scriblers now is all Dependant  
Upon the Ruling Lords of their Ascendant.  
'Tis not what's writ, but they that write, now please:  
The Favourite Brow must only wear our Bays.  
He that sets up the Town and Stage's Darling,  
His very Name gives All the stamp of Sterling.  
A slighted Poet's Muse may well look cloudy,  
For 'tis the Father makes the Brat a Dowdy.  
Fie, Gentlemen, you baulk your own Delights  
In being over-nice what or who writes,  
This or that Author; empty Names! Ne'er mind 'em,  
But take the Muses Labours as you find 'em.